

JULY, 1963

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ADAM

FACT • FICTION • HUMOR

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A WATCH-DOG FOR
VENUS —page 30



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PLAY IT BY EAR

FICTION - W.J. REYNOLDS

Lois had suckered him once, and she'd frame him again, unless he could beat her at her own deadly game . . .

AS soon as he entered and closed the door, Alex Griffield knew that he was not alone in the apartment. He sensed the bag of food, which he had just purchased at the delicatessen, to the floor. He stood quietly, glances shutting about the cheap room, the above jolted, then coming to rest on the bedroom door which was slightly ajar, his nose twitching—perfume.

The elusive odor had once been very familiar to Alex; it had been Lois' favorite perfume.

The anger rose in Alex suddenly; an anger fed by five years behind the grey walls, bony toes, horn-rimmed glasses with ready chain. The anger had been fed by careful and cool thinking after the first bitter rage and frustration had abated. This long and candid thinking had been substantiated not an hour ago by a phone call to an old friend and fellow worker at Lois's Music Shoppe. From him, Alex learned that Lois had got her divorce from Alex less than a year after Alex was sent to prison, and had married Jerome Eby.

Alex stood rigidly by the door; fought down the anger. He was a parolee, he could not afford anger. He had five more years of incarceration, bootstrapping, before he could call himself a man again. Just a little trouble and he would be behind the grey walls again. He would have to find out what Lois was after, then play it by ear.

"You can come out now, Lois."

She appeared promptly in the bedroom doorway. Alex sucked in his breath. He remained still with an effort, fighting both anger and the frightening desire to rush to her, take her into his arms, pour out his loneliness, his love—and hate.

The strain was in his voice. "What do you want, Lois?" He could not conceal all of his feeling. The five years of woman-hunger was bottled inside him along with the memory of the almost unbearable humiliation he had known with Lois.

He could see that Lois knew. Her dark eyes widened with pleasure, her red lips curved into a slow smile, the way they used to do when she was sure of herself, of him.

Alex was confused. How could he love and hate at the same time? He had every reason to hate her if his thinking was correct, and he knew it was. Yet, at this moment, all he could think of was the warm feel of her in his arms,

the feel of her sleek curves, her ability to arouse the savage desire in him. He remained rigid by the door.

"Hello, Alex. Is that all you have to say to me?"

"What is there to say, Lois? You divorced me after I went to prison. I had nothing to say about it. What else is there?"

She moved toward him. He knew by the way she moved that she wore no bra—Lois didn't need one. The stretch checks were a part of her lush body and her long legs.

She came all the way against him, and he shrank from the electric contact of her body. He fought the desire to take her in his arms; to pour out his need for her; to revel in the pure joy of her body—in the throttle that slender neck with his squeezing hands.

Was he still in love with her? Or was it just pent-up woman-hunger. Maybe it was both.

"I've missed you, Alex, darling." Her throaty voice was crooning. "How I've missed you. I was a fool to divorce you."

"Then why did you?"
"I was hard, angry. The prosecution made a good case against you, Alex, even though the \$2,000 you were supposed to have embezzled was never found. I suppose I believed it, too, for awhile. I know now you never took the money. Eby took it and framed you."

"That was my story, remember?"
She put her arms around his neck, burying her face in the hollow of his throat. Her breath and her lips were fluttering flames against his skin.

"I love you, Alex—I've never stopped. I want you, darling—I want you now." Her lips trailed across his neck.

With a groan, Alex took her in his arms, crushed her against him, his lips meeting hers. They stood locked in a straining embrace, swaying, passion surging beyond control.

"Alex, darling," she moaned. "Alex . . ."

It was dark outside when she stirred in his arms. "Alex, I'd better get us something to eat. You need something, and I'm starved."

"Who needs food?"
She laughed contentedly, stroking his hip with her foot. "I do you do."

He started to pull her to him, but she twisted away, coming out of the bed in a little movement. She stood gazing down at him. "I'll shower, then run down to the delicatessen."

"No need—there's food in the bag by the door."

He lay listening to the shower start, then when he was sure, he eased out of bed, went to her bag.

(Continued on page 41)



DANGER IN PARADISE

THE sky was pale blue — like the great, evergreen, soft egg of a robin. John Lantin stood on the deck as they pushed him forward to the railing and he said this. He looked up at the sky and he told them what he thought it looked like and the mate, a bony Spaniard by the name of Rodriguez, said, "You forget that rotten stuff, fat man, and get a move on."

John Lantin, on this morning of September 8, 1938, stood there on the deck of the American merchantman *Pilot* and he grumbled at the men who were now forcing him into the long boat. He had been convicted of mutiny the crew.

"I would have made a good enough captain," he told the court at his trial. They stood there, a jolly mixture of fat, weighing well over 200 pounds, standing over six feet in height, a head of wild curly hair that made him look always like an image of a drunken Santa. His shirt was always hanging out of his trousers and his trousers always seemed to be on the verge of slipping down off his enormous hips, even standing perfectly still, to give the impression of a body in constant motion.

"No doubt, fat you better than this damn pelf," had announced to the men who had gathered on the deck to witness his trial. "Three stacked up on steaks, ladz," he had

them, laughing, pointing his huge belly as he spoke. "And legs of lamb so full of dice pieces you'd damn near drown yourself trying to bite into them. The world's full of such wonders for a man's stomach and we got 'em. We got it boiled and broiled and fried up sideways, damn it, but it's swell all the same. Now am I right, lad? Or am I wrong?" And this business of the grand wonders that existed for a man's stomach was his only defense at the trial.

Now, Rodriguez and three other men were pushing him toward the long boat. "Move, fat man," the big mate said, pricking his arm. Lantin laughed.

"You poor Juan speak of heroes," he said to Rodriguez. "Too bad you never had a body to live your lonely life with. You might've had yourself a time or two."

There was continued laughter among the men when they heard Lantin insult the mate this way. Rodriguez snarled at Lantin, poked him hard in the back with his pistol.

When they finally got him into the boat, they lowered it slowly

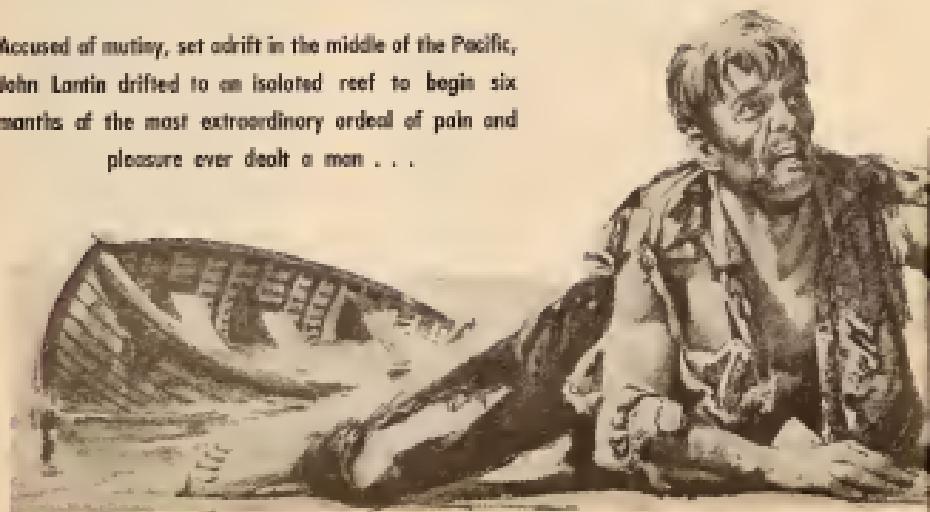
into a howling sea, the men being heavy on the ropes to keep the enormous weight from crashing to沉没 in the sea below.

"Til split on all your heavy graves," Lantin shouted up at the ship's crew when they tossed the ropey down after him, and the small boat started to drift away from the *Pilot*. "Til split on them, hear? Then I'll spill a lot of wax on the dirt. That'll make the worms drunk. They'll have a better appetite that way."

He laughed heartily as the choppy waves pulled him further and further away from the *Pilot*. He stared them all and laughed and then he turned his eyes off to the water-egg blue sky in the distance and he wondered if there was any gold left in the world.

Lantin knew now that he was somewhere in the Coral Sea. They had packed up a cargo of wool in Cookstown, and were heading north-east for a stop-off at Bequia in the New Hebrides. But he had no idea of how far he was from any kind of land. There were islands enough in the vicinity, but none he could see.

**Accused of mutiny, set adrift in the middle of the Pacific,
John Lantin drifted to an isolated reef to begin six
months of the most extraordinary ordeal of pain and
pleasure ever dealt a man . . .**







"Honest, it isn't mine! It belongs to my band! Honest!"

"We slept on all their lousy graves," he muttered to himself as he reclined in the bottom of the boat, stretching his huge body and letting himself fall off to sleep since there was not much else to be done and John Lantin was a practical man.

The small boat drifted on calm seas for over two weeks. There was a storm that lasted for two hours on the fifth day. The boat had been tossed about on the high tops of waves like a brittle toy, with Lantin shoving his enormous weight first to one side, then to the other, to keep the craft from turning over. But when the storm had ended, the sea became calm again and stayed that way.

The color of the sky did not seem to change. The sun burned with a kind of anger in the pale sky. Lantin's throat felt like a sandpit. But he was careful with the single barrel of water they had given him. He took two mouthfuls a day. He ate two dried biscuits each day. But he slept much of the time and his dreams were always about wines and cognacs and roasted soft birds and beef red as blood red, of course, women as soft as the birds and as raw as the beef and as intoxicating as the wines and cognacs.

He saw the faces and the bodies of the women he had loved. He could recall their names, the sounds of their laughter. Jeanne in Mervilles; Anna in Lisbon; Alice in Naples with the dark hair that reached almost to the floor. There had been so many and life had been so very fine and

now his own dying would be a stupid comedy — the thirst eating out his insides like a damned hyena and the sun would drive him mad. But Lantin laughed even at this and cursed the dying sea and the sky that would not change its foolish color and the sun that at least would be a large enough grave to hold his mountain of a corpse.

On the 18th day, John Lantin lay in the bottom of the small boat, too weak to move, the salt having turned his lips white. He lay there, hardly breathing, wait-

ing to die, wondering what it would be to feel the last moment of his own life and the first of his being dead.

But then he saw the island and he laughed softly. He pulled himself up a bit to see better and it was there, all right. He saw the thin line of palm trees blurned against the sky. He saw the curving rim of land, the white beach, the mountain peak that shone a startling green color in the sun.

It took an entire day for the sea to wash John Lantin back the seven miles to land. He thought for a time that perhaps the tide would change and he would be taken out again away from the land. But by sundown he was close enough to see the hibiscus and the frangipani flowers growing on the jungle's edge that came down to the white sand.

When the boat came into shallow water, John Lantin pushed himself over the side with one mighty burst. His weight exploded the boat. But he pushed himself clear of it and he fought with all his strength to reach the shore, a weary grin upon his battered face, his huge arms feeling the quiet surf like the arms of a broken windmill.

Lantin fell to his hands and knees when he reached the dry sand. He crawled up several yards, falling twice as he did. Then he turned, sitting laughing softly, and he started throwing handfuls of sand into the air in his joy and then, grinning, on the very verge of laughter, he collapsed and lay there unconscious, looking for all the world like some far sea creature that had been washed up dead by the evening tide.

Lantin's eyes opened slowly, almost as if he were just now learning to use them. He saw a thatched roof point on top, a bamboo pole running the length of what was, as he turned his head slowly to see, a long hut.

He was alive. That was the first thing that came to his mind. And



he was hungry. That came next. He could feel the hunger in his stomach like a small animal gnawing at his insides. He thought of a log of wood and then of a bottle of cold beer with little beads of sweat on the outside. He belched. The belch brought laughter from the other side of the hut. Lantin turned his eyes to the laughter and, as he did, the sound became softer.

He saw the girl smile to herself, that same dour robin's-egg sky behind her and curving pink leaves a green-golden color in the bright sunlight.

"Well now . . ." Lantin said. His voice sounded much too deep to be him. He cleared his throat. As he did, he saw the fear in the young girl's face. She was sitting there, raised from the waist up.

Lantin grinned at the girl. "You're a pretty one," he said in a quiet voice designed especially not to frighten young girls. He scratched his belly. "And you saved my life, too," he added. "I thank you."

But instead of answering, the girl got up and rushed out of the hut. Lantin groaned. "There must be food," he muttered, turning his head to see what was in the hut.

Moments later, the girl returned with several men and women of her tribe. They stood in the doorway watching Lantin for some time with expressions of wonder upon their dark, handsome faces. "Good day to you," Lantin said to them in English. But there was no sign that anyone had understood him. "I thank you for saving my life," he said.

Again there was no answer. He knew some of the native dialect of the region but not very much.

He said, "Food." It was one of the few words he knew.

This time one of the men said something to the girl who had been watching over him and she raced off again. The man said something Lantin could not understand. But when the girl returned with a large wooden platter of pieces of roast pig and big chunks of breadfruit, Lantin grinned, forced himself up into a sitting position and he smiled in his most grateful manner at all the natives.

Two more girls came to the side. One of them started to bathe his face and hands with a damp cloth. When she was finished, the first girl started to feed Lantin, offering him small pieces of meat, placing the meat into his mouth with her fingers. The fat man grinned as his taste buds warmed to the pleasing task ahead. He ate slowly, savoring each bite as if it would be his last.

The second girl, at his side, held a metal cup which she offered to him between bites of the meat. He drank heartily. It was a milky-tasting liquid and before the meal was over he realized it was the fine native drink, kava, that had that most strange quality of leaving a man's head clear while the rest of his body becomes drunk almost to the point of being paralysed.

The meal finished, the three girls set to removing his shirt and breeches. "Now this is the kind of hospitality I like," he said. "You're good girls, all right," he added. "Great white god, you know. That's me. Just remember that." He knew he could not be understood, but he still enjoyed hearing himself talk.

When he was able to get about, he was informed, after a long business of signs and a puneful of words, that there was to be a feast and he was to come to the feast. There was to be much food. He understood what the native said about much food and he grinned and stopped his belly and the native nodded vigorously when Lantin did this.

"Language of all the world — that's what a baby is," Lantin said. The native grinned. "That's what I like about being American," Lantin went on. "I'd rather eat a good meal than sleep my dog." He laughed at his own words, nodding, and the native nodded too.

The feast was a dream. Lantin seemed to have been passing all the years of his life. The platters

of food were without number. Seated next to the tribe's chieftain — a white-haired man named Lanti — Lantin was in the center of the large circle of men and women around the great fire over which 12 pigs were roasting, the fat dripping down into the yellow flames, snapping there, sending up high bursts of fire into the palm trees overhead.

Hula-skirted girls kept bringing plates after plates of food to Lantin and the men of the tribe kept coming to him, bowing in front of him, placing little gifts before him — a mother-of-pearl shell, a metal cup, a necklace of shark's teeth.

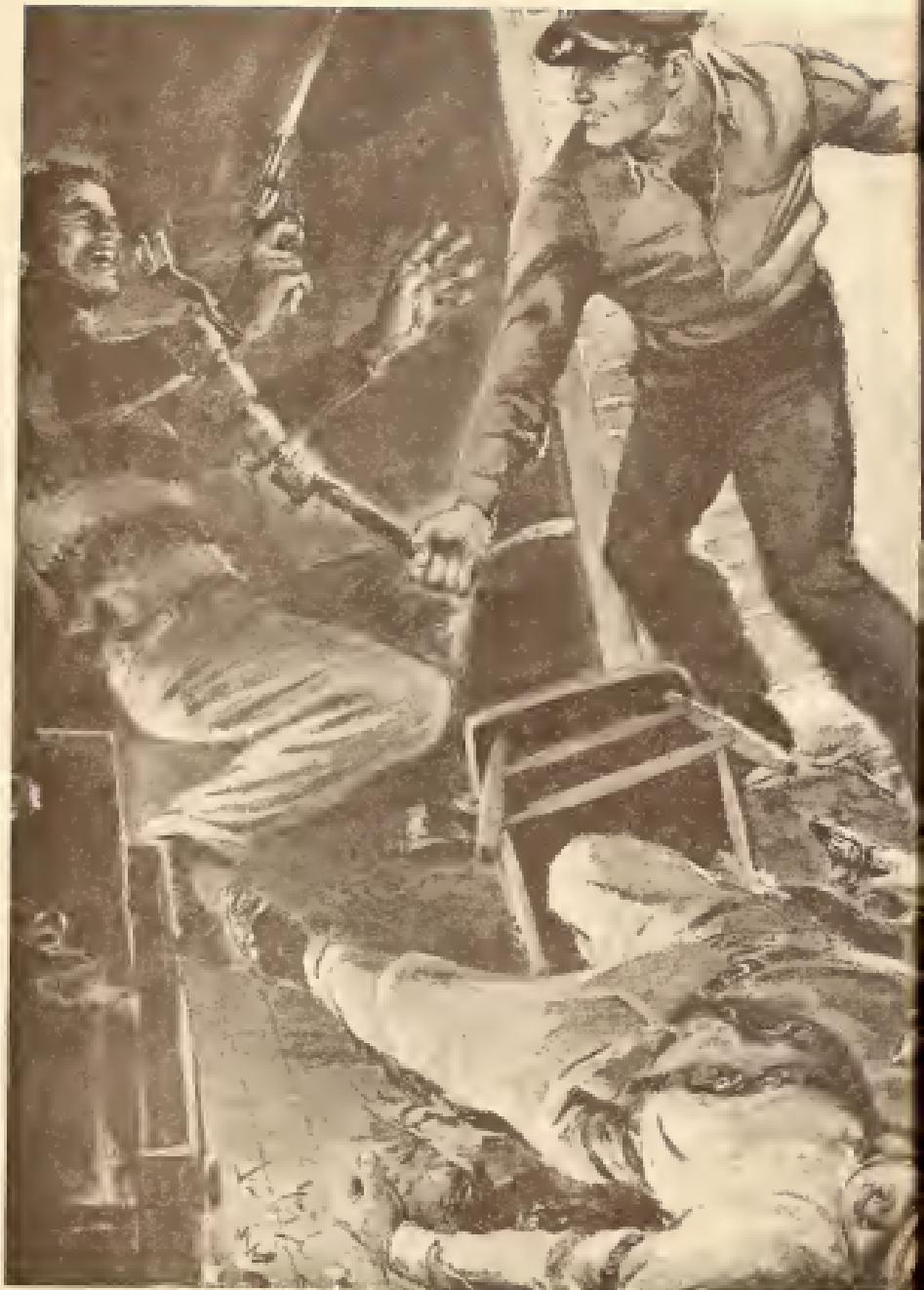
After this continued for some time, Lantin realized that his feast was actually being given in his honor.

The drums started and nine of the liveliest girls of the tribe began dancing — they danced in front of Lantin — their eyes upon only him as they shook their golden bodies to the fantastic rhythms of the drums.

(Continued on page 41)



"Get out there and take their minds off the moment!"





KILLERS ON HIS TRAIL

FACT • CARL SHERMAN

He was the fourth agent investigating the illegal flow of industrial diamonds out of West Africa. The first three were dead . . .

SHORTLY after the 3000-ton Liverpool freighter, *Doveia Lassa*, anchored in Freetown harbor, Sierra Leone, one sticky evening in October, 1961, a sailor hauled a turnbuckle from the after-deck rail and offered the owner two shillings to row him to the quay. Behaving as does the average woman when his ship's in port, Jim Woodward was apparently going to grab a few hours' shore leave. Only Jim Woodward was not an "average seaman." A former investigator for the Special Branch Squad of Chicago, Woodward was on a mission for the Diamond Protective Service, co-operating with Sir Percy Billito's International Diamond Security Organization.

Already several experienced DPS men had lost their lives attempting to suspect the flood of industrial diamonds that were being smuggled out of the British Protectorate of Sierra Leone to Russia.

Three of these agents had died in Sierra Leone within the past month. In the interior, at Sefidu, near the French Guinean border, John Townsend had "accidentally" fallen into the rock crevices of one of the mines of the Selection Trust. At No. 10, while investigating DPS-select diamond buyers purchasing industrial from licensed native diggers—agent P. F. Wingate had turned on the switch in his coupe and had been blown to pieces by a charge of gelignite wired to the starter. The body of the third agent, Henry Caulfield, had been found floating in Freetown harbor. The throat had been cut.

The boatman brought Woodward to No. 10 quay, pocketed two shillings, and rowed out into the harbor again.

Woodward started out along the quay, heading toward the palm-fringed waterfront; he didn't get very far. Two men were waiting

for him in the darkness on the star side of a palm oil shed. One had a curved knife, the other a length of machete pipe.

Over-eager, "one-inch pipe" jolted too soon—and alone Woodward's reaction was almost automatic. Instead of heading off as anticipated, he ducked forward and to the left. Taking a glancing blow on his shoulder, he brought his knee up sharply into his assailant's groin. The man screamed. Woodward grabbed his wrist, jerking the pipe from his hand. In a rapid movement he whirled, and the pipe struck squarely across the knife-wielder's ear, catching him unceasingly. He staggered backward, tripped over the stringpiece, and tumbled into the water with a loud splash.

Jim tossed the pipe into the water after him and turned back to the first man, moaning and writhing on the quay. He was a hook-nosed Lassian with a knife scar on his right cheek.

Pending over him, Woodward realized could be that these guys are underworld thugs trained up with the boatman to rob sailors, he reflected. So far as he knew only a few top men in DPS, and the Special Branch of Scotland Yard knew why he had come to Freetown, and how. It didn't seem likely that the smuggling ring already had killers on his trail.

Leaving hawking on the quay, Woodward headed for the nearest pub, ordered a bottle-beer, and dropped a dollar bill on the bar. He gulped the raw rye and moved to the window with the beer chaser in his hand.

Cut in the harbor he could see the *Doveia Lassa* with floodlights ragged, looking for her burned-out

"Only one thing's certain," Woodward mused. "I won't be along her in the morning, when she sets,



"The Chairman of the Board asked me a very embarrassing question the other day . . . he wanted me to list all the fixed events!"

He finished his beer and set out for his real objective, the Star of Beirut Cafe, a noisy, disreputable-looking waterfront dive. According to DPA reports, it was owned by a thuggish Lebanese named George Saka, suspected of being a member of the ring.

Entering the dimly-lit cafe, Woodward selected a small well table. He ordered straight rye and a waiter brought it to him from the bar. During it, he inspected his surroundings. The room was filled with smoke and reeked of beer and cheap perfume. There were scores of half-a-dozen nationalities around him. And several women — dark-skinned, laughing Sterns, Lynn "creoles", blawney, gold-toothed Portuguese, a scrawny blonde Cockney who looked as if she had come straight from London's docks. He dismissed them all with a passing glance.

His eyes brightened when he spotted the object of his search — a pale-skinned French girl was standing at the end of the bar, chatting idly with the man behind

it. In sweat-damp shirt, with sleeves held above massive forearms by fancy pink garters, the owner, George Silva, was tending his own bar. Woodward identified the girl from Caulfield's report as Jeanne Duchaine. But she was much more attractive than he had pictured.

Getting her attention, he grinned and nodded an invitation. She looked him over in cool, frank appraisement and exchanged a few more words with Silva before approaching his table. He had a hunch they had been talking about him.

"Buy you a drink?" he asked.

She sat down, crossed her long fine legs and eyed him shrewdly. "You talk like an American, even now."

She ordered cognac. Her lips were full, her eyes dark and sultry. Woodward noted with approval her figure straining against the contours of her white linen dress. Much too good for this place, he decided. Woodward ordered another round of drinks.

"What else can we do for amuse-

ment?" There was no mistaking his meaning.

"You have 20 dollars, how does? I have a room upstairs."

"Arrangement comes kind of high in Free-town, doesn't it?"

She arched her smooth shoulders in a take-it-or-leave-it gesture. "A girl must live, now can. And I like the look of American money."

Woodward nodded. He had very little money on him—all told, about 25 dollars and some silver. He had left his funds in a London bank and his SS automatic a little reluctantly with Spencer Mattrim, assistant chief of DPA.

"The Ring is smart," grey-haired Mattrim had warned him. "Pick up another gun later after they've screened you. But show a roll of bills or carry a gun when you arrive in Free-town and they'll quickly put things together."

He realized he was being subjected to a preliminary screening now, that the was pumping him astutely in the course of their apparently casual conversation. He led her the right answers. He was Jim Woodward, manager aboard the Ocean Liner, two weeks out of Liverpool via Lisbon. After possible he suggested that they go to her room upstairs.

"You become impudent, soon and I'll start another cognac."

And now we'll get some action, he thought, and warily watched Silva out of the corner of his eye. He saw the Lebanese's big hand drop furtively below the bar when the waiter repeated their order. Saw him turn his back briefly after reaching for a clean glass. Going to give me the business, Woodward told himself, knockout drops, probably chloroform hydrate.

He knew Jeanne Duchaine wasn't interested in his 20 dollars. She had other plans for him, if and when she was satisfied he was what he said.

I'm on the right track, he thought silently, this is the way the Ring recruits its messengers. His heart began pounding a little faster when the waiter placed the drugged rye before him. He had gone as far as the murdered Caulfield. From here on he was on his own.

Jim Woodward was 32. Under his boyish shock of thick brown hair was a mind as sharp and tenacious as a steel trap. His body was lean and hard. A skilled specialist in undercover investigative work, he had been matching wits with foreign agents from West Berlin to Saigon for more than seven years before arriving in Free-town with government papers supplied by the Special Branch of Scotland Yard.

The Yard had been most cooperative when Disraeli Protective Service, London office, informed that James W. Woodward was on special assignment.

Sir Percy Sillitoe, former chief of state, the British security force, now heading International Diamond Security Organisation, and Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, director of the De Beers Consolidated Mines Ltd., were gravely concerned



"Hey, just a minute! I was here before you."

over the continued large-scale smuggling of industrial diamonds from Sierra Leone.

Despite all security measures taken to curb this illicit activity, more than \$20,000,000 dollars worth of industrials had been smuggled out of the West African British Protectorate during the first eight months of 1957.

Both the British and American governments were disturbed to learn the Russians were stockpiling industrial diamonds for the future manufacture of military tools needed in making armaments and guided missiles. The diamonds were, in short, a vital military necessity.

This was no longer a secret. On September 17, 1957, an astute New York Times correspondent, Leonard Jigallia, had copied a special story from London giving the alarming details.

After it appeared, Washington and London wanted to know why couldn't the smuggling of industrial diamonds to Russia be stopped? At the point, Spencer Merriman, assistant chief of the Diamond Directorate Service, had seen for Jim Woodward.

The smuggling of alluvial gem diamonds, beryl, white and blue-white, found in beds of gravel only a few feet below ground surface, was an old story in Sierra Leone. Such diamond smuggling has been going on in the Protectorate for a long time and represented more than \$2,000,000 dollars yearly loss of export duty payment to the government. The large scale smuggling of tiny industrials was more recent.

"Our people have been trying to find out how the Russians are getting the industrials out," Merriman

told Woodward. "We'd like you to have a go at it in your own way. But not as one of our own agents. The Russians, unfortunately, have spotted too many of them. Of course you'll have full co-operation from us and from MI5. From your own government, too, if you need it."

Merriman was an old hand with industrial diamond warfare and smuggling. He had been one of the planners of the daring raid in 1940 when the British succeeded in preventing a \$20,000,000 dollar stockpile of industrials in Amsterdam, Holland, from falling into Hitler's hands. But, as he quickly pointed out to Woodward, this wasn't to be any such smashing operation. It called for subtlety and finesse. An agent would have to work his way into the ring itself, logically, as a courier.

"Maybe there will be of some help," he suggested, and handed Woodward the DPS-Sherm Leone report to study.

Woodward went through them carefully. They revealed a losing battle against smugglers all the way. Hundreds of unlicensed diggers had been arrested in August, 1957, alone, more than \$4,000 would-be poachers had been routed out of restricted diamond-bearing areas by police and watchful guards. Scores of IDPs, mostly Lebanese, had been apprehended.

In the big diamond workings of the Selekcje Trust, supervision over workers had been tightened. Suspects were not only thoroughly searched, but subjected to the X-ray and physio treatment as well. Nevertheless, the smuggling continued.

The report was as discouraging as it was lengthy. Not until the very last paragraph did a hopeful gleam appear in Woodward's eyes. He read it again:

(Continued on page 47)



"All men are liars! What I want to know is are you a rich liar?"

THE AMBASSADOR WHO DID

"Snowy" Baker was one of the greatest unofficial ambassadors Australia could ever hope to have. His unspoilt love of Australia and his prodigious versatility in the world of sport made him a truly great man.



Baker founded the Spicers Country Club when he decided to take up residence in Los Angeles. He was a champion polo player and always used his favorite horse, Bantamberg.

ON a crusty chill winter morning 50 odd years ago George Baker returned from his customary pre-breakfast walk and said to his wife, "Darling, I fear it is all over."

He embraced and kissed her. Then he kissed his daughter, shook hands with his five sons, stretched out on his bed with hands crossed on his chest and closed his eyes.

In less than 20 minutes he was dead.

He was 62 years old and, though the death tore their hearts, his adoring family was consoled by the memory of his youth. For Papa Baker, a six-foot Lincolnshire lassman who became a fiercely patriotic Australian had fully earned the reward of shelling away without pain, without knowing illness. His life had been full of splendid achievement. He had contributed much to the community welfare, both as a private citizen and as a zealous toller in the City of Sydney's employ. He was an outstanding horseman in a day when all but Bungaro went on horseback. He was a superb all-round athlete. His most notable accomplishment, however, was the begotting of five sons who, between them, dominated practically every field of sport, from Rugby football to fencing.

The most distinguished of these was Reginald Leslie, universally known as "Snowy" Baker, who still leads the phantom parade of Australia's many great vegetable sportsmen. "Snowy" Baker's incredible sporting exploits probably outweigh those of the legendary American Indian, Jim Thorpe, who, Americans will argue, was history's greatest athlete all-rounder.

This is the "Snowy" Baker story. "Snowy" himself, however, insisted that the story could never adequately be told without mention of some of the deeds of his brothers or without tribute to the venerable sire who cultivated their inherent athletic qualities.

So, with proper respect for "Snowy's" judgment, one observes these requirements. The effective seal of his father's family grandeur is best assured by quoting "Snowy's" own words to an interviewer when he last visited Sydney from his California home 28 months before his death in December, 1962.

"Father," he said, "was a splendid athlete and sportsman and the greatest influence in my athletic

NOT COME HOME

Mr. He came from Limerick to Australia in the gold rush days. Afterwards he took a job as a City Council inspector, married a Sydney girl and settled in a big house in Worcester Avenue, Darlinghurst, to accommodate the large family they planned to raise. The family eventually consisted of father, mother, five boys, one girl, about a dozen dogs, two monkeys, a kanga bear and several horses.

"The boys' welfare was exclusively mother's responsibility until we were each eight years old. Father always said no child had any measure co-ordination at an earlier age.

"From our eighth birthdays onwards he took over our physical education. He taught us to swim, ride, and box, a course of vigorous daily exercises and a code for living to keep us morally and physically fit.

"He took us riding every morning and he taught us to swim and dive at Farmer's Woolloomooloo baths. We took our boxing lessons from him in the backyard.

"Father rode with one or an other of us every day until he was 20 years old. Then he began to feel his years and feared that he might slip from the saddle — he could never be happy on anything but a lively horse, you see. So, instead of a daily pony, he took a strenuous five-mile daily walk before breakfast. He took his walk every day up to, and including, the day he died."

"Snowy" then described his father's dramatic farewell and peaceful death.

George Baker reaped a rich harvest from the seeds of manly endeavor he sowed in his sons. "Snowy" excelled in 19 different sports, both in national and international competition, and became one of the world's most renowned jockeys. Fred taught his son to the weight-for-weight boxing championship of NSW. Harold represented Australia at Rugby Union, held the national amateur heavyweight boxing title and was the Australian sprint swimming champion as well as captain of Australia's water polo team. The awkwardly-built Ernest was too clumsy for outstanding growths at field games but distinguished himself as a sculler and rower. Frank, the youngest, did exceptionally well at most sports and later became a polished character actor in Hollywood.

Reginald Leslie, universally known as "Snowy" Baker, was the most distinguished of the five Baker brothers who, between them, dominated practically every field of sport, from shooting to swimming.

One would need remarkable talents to gain distinction in such an athletically-gifted family. "Snowy" had the facility not only to do this but to become internationally celebrated in every sporting field to which he turned his efforts.

"Snowy" was immensely proud to be an Australian. He demonstrated his truly Australian character in refusing to become "Americanised" in his 30 odd years of residence in Los Angeles. He continued to remain permanently in the United States without surrendering his Australian citizenship by visiting Mexico for just long enough each year to qualify for another 12 months' visitor's visa to the US.

The grounds of his spacious ranch-type home, called The Gums, were planted with Australian eucalypts and gums. The favorite horses bore such Australian names as Boomerang, Wallaroo, Dandong and Cockatoo. As equestrian director of the Ryders Country Club he helped to found an Los Angeles outfit; he taught famous film stars, among many others, to ride in the Australian manner in an Australian-type saddle, so that they might compete comfortably in America's top-flight polo competition. His film star polo pupils included Will Rodgers Sr., Wallace Beery, Douglas Fairbanks Sr., William S. Hart and Tom Mix (Hart and Mix, he recalled, looked upon polo as "what qualified" horsemanship.)

Other famous movie stars he taught to ride, though not to play polo, included John Crawford and Spencer Tracy. He considered Tracy, whose close friend he became one of his best pupils. "He was born to the saddle," said "Snowy". "He would have been in his element in an Australian cattle



round-up in wild bush country."

"Snowy" was a genius with the stockwhip. He was the only man in the world, at that time anyway, who could effectively wield a stockwhip in each hand simultaneously. He taught William S. Hart to use the stockwhip for scenes in a film called "Tumbleweed" and Fairbanks to use it for "The Mark of Zorro", one of his most famous films.

All these of "Snowy's" abilities, you will note, were distinctly Australian. This undertaking gave "Snowy" unique opportunity to express his faith and pride in the Australian way of citizenship.

As final proof of his intense Australianism his speech bore no taint of American accent when he visited Sydney in June, 1932, for the first time in 20 years. Moreover, he was the same courteous, unassuming, quietly-spoken man his friends remembered parting with many years before.

"Snowy" Baker established himself as a sporting celebrity while still a schoolboy. A pupil of Crown Street Public School, Sydney, he won the all-schools track championship of NSW. In the following year, at the age of 16, he was chosen as half-back for the State Rugby Union team. A year later still, as half-back, he represented Australia against England's touring Rugby Union side.

He was acclaimed on all sides as a track athlete and footballer of extraordinary ability and even greater promise. In the next six years, however, his prodigious versatility astounded even those who had predicted a brilliant sporting career for him.

He swam four times in two years. He won 40 individual swimming titles

and was a member of a swimming team called "The Flying Squad" that remained unbeaten in relay competition from 1931 to 1934. He was also a member of an unbeaten water polo team from 1931 to 1935.

In this same amateur period Baker entered competitive amateur boxing. He won the Australian middleweight championship in his third bout in one night—in the two earlier matches he had dispossed of opponents in the intermediate quarter-final and semi-final

Meanwhile, he continued to perform with outstanding skill in track athletics, swimming, diving, football, rowing, wrestling, equitation events, gymnastics and fencing.

He was an especially polished horseman. If one could single out any as his best sporting achievement horsemanship probably would win the vote. He won almost every jumping, hunting, cross-

country and track cycling event has started.

"Snowy" was chosen to represent Australia in boxing at the 1908 Olympic Games, at London. Boxing in the middleweight division he eliminated two ex-champions in early-round matches, won the semi-final with four punches and shaped up in the final to the famous boxer J. W. H. T. Douglas—when Sydney Cricket Ground ladies dubbed Johnny Worrell "Today when he led an England team in a Test series in Australia.

Baker and Douglas each fought so well that the spectators were equally divided in trying to pick the winner. To the satisfaction of those who plumped for Baker the referee gave Douglas the verdict. Now this decision might have remained one of the many unbroken engagements had texture in boxing history if it had not been for the fact that the referee was Johnny Douglas's father, Boxing fans who disagreed with the ver-

dict quickly settled on the relationship to accuse Douglas, senior, of sarcasm.

The argument continued unscripted at all social levels of boozing following, until Baker and Douglass were both guests at an exclusive London club dinner—a very posh black-tie affair. After the meal the argument flared. Guests asked both Douglass and Baker their opinions of who really won the fight. Each, of course, declared for himself.

This difference of opinion could be settled in only one way. The contestants removed their diaper jackets and bared shirts and stepped up to fight it out. Baker knocked out Douglas inside two rounds. That seemed to settle the argument. But the reluctantly fast running that the name of Douglas, not Baker, appears in the record book as Olympic middleweight champion of 1908.

This encounter and its course is often quoted in Olympic Council circles as the perfect precedent for never again permitting the appointment of a competitor's relative as a referee or judge at any future Games event.

When "Savoy" returned to Australia from the London Games he opened a physical culture school in Sydney and published a sporting magazine. He also entered the promotional side of boxing as one of the original syndicate that built the Sydney Stadium in 1900 for the world heavyweight championship match between Tommy Burns, the boxer, and Jack Johnson, the challenger, held on Boxing Day of that year.

"Snowy" was to referee that fight but Johnson intentionally drew a "color-line" against him. After sparring with obvious distaste "Snowy's" crop of very blond — almost white — hair, Johnson declared, "I don't like white-headed men and I won't go into the ring with a blond referee."

"Snowy" recalled, "I wanted out
that the color of my hair could
have nothing to do with my ability
as a referee. But Johnson had a
temper streak a mile wide. He
wouldn't have me at any price.
Johnson — Hugh D. Johnson,
one of the stadium-building syndi-
cate — flew into a rage and
threatened Johnson with all kinds
of vengeance. He even tried to
stuff Johnson with a gun. But
Johnson dug his toes in.

"As a result of Johnson's stand, watched the slaughter from the roadside with McIntosh himself as the third man.

"It was a one-sided affair from the start. Johnson, with his ebony and golden teeth gleaming in the sun, barked at Tommy as he charged the white man to go on. 'You ain't shaved me off,' he said, laughing, as Tommy valiantly tried to hit him. Police stopped it in the 14th round."

This fight established a golden era of boxing in Australia. In the next few years "Snowy" brought to Australia such boxers as Eddie



One of "Dairy"'s most vivid memories was of the stadium crowd's riot when his brother Harold, as referee, crowned Fritz Hellens the winner against Lee Barry, shown above, in Barry's first Sydney Stadium fight.

McGroarty, Jimmy Cagney, Billy Butler, Cyclone Jimmy Thompson, George Chip, Jeff Smith, Roy Branton, Melburn Soller, Matt Wells, Owen Moran, Jim Sullivan, and others of equally great stature. On the local scene were such men as Lee Dancy, Eugene McNeagan, Fred Kay, Herb Molloy, Alf Murray, Jerry Jerome and numerous other strappers of international class.

One of "Snowy's" most vivid memories was of a stadium crowd's riot, when his brother Harold, as referee, crowned American Fred Holland the winner against Lee Dancy in Dancy's first Sydney Stadium fight.

A good three-parts of the capacity audience had come from Newcastle, Maitland and precincts to see the 15-year-old local boy Dancy in his Sydney debut. This was the night of July 18, 1914.

Dancy and Holland fought a mighty battle, fighting toe-to-toe almost throughout the ten rounds. It might have been anybody's fight. But Harold Baker gave Holland the verdict.

"Hell broke loose," Snowy said "lots of rough looking miners from Newcastle and Maitland stormed the ring, threatening my brother with all kinds of violence. Bottles flew through the air. I stopped one between the shoulder blades. Ringguards scurried for cover."

"Both ends gathered newspapers into piles and set them alight



Hugh D. McDonald, one of the stadium-building syndicates, was called in to referee the Jack Johnson-Tommy Burns fight in 1908. Johnson refused to allow "Snowy" to act as third man.

They broke up nests to feed the fire."

"Firemen used their hoses to break up the rioting pretzies. Then put out the fire."

"But that wasn't the end of it. The mob gathered outside and began to stone the windows. I was in the office with the Governor-General, Sir Ronald Munro-Ferguson,



"Snowy" Baker returned to Australia from California in 1932. He was recognized everywhere as a deathless hero of destruction apart. Sydney rendered him an official civic welcome.

soon, when stones came crashing through the windows. We ducked under the oak desk for cover. As we crunched there Sir Ronald turned his head to me and said with a grin, 'Quite a night, Baker. Quite a night!'

"It was, indeed, quite a night."

With typical Baker courage Harold again crowned Holland the winner in his second fight with Dancy, ruling that Dancy had fouled his opponent. This time the crowd loyalty booted the verdict but refrained from rioting.

This would be an appropriate point at which to set on record another of Harold Baker's heroic performances. Long before surf life saving became an organized movement in New South Wales Harold was a member of the Maitland Surfing Club, whose members camped at the beachside each weekend and took upon themselves the task of cataloguing bathers against their own boldness. He later moved to Coogee where he joined the local club.

On Saturday, January 28, 1911, Harold was standing fully dressed near the beach when he saw a group of bathers being carried in the strong tide toward a notorious danger area, where a treacherous undercut ran into a cleft.

He was on the point of running to the water edge to call a warning to the bathers when they began to scream and signal for help as they felt themselves being drawn into the undercut.

Baker ran across the beach, plunged into the surf fully clothed and swam to the distressed group. About 200 yards out he grabbed an exhausted girl and made back toward the beach with her.

Meanwhile his friend and fellow international footballer Jim Clarkston donned a belt, called on some bystanders to man the lifeline and joined in the rescue. He was half-way from the beach to the group



Baker was an expert horseman and delighted in tricks such as these. Lookers are enjoying — sliding on one side behind galloping horses.

when Baker headed him the girl to the back to the beach then swam out to bring in more people.

The trapped bathers were now drowning further out and weakening under the pounding of giant waves. Baker reached a group of three women. They grabbed at him frantically, nearly strangling him. He had no alternative but to knock each of them unconscious with a blow to the ribs. Then he brought them toward the beach until he again met Clarkson, some distance out, and asked him to take the three women in.

Clarkson, however, could not manage them all so Baker helped him until they were in shallow water. There he stripped off all his clothing to prevent frantically clutching hands from dragging him down. Then he swam out and brought in two more women.

Between them, Baker and Clarkson brought in 12 of the 13 bathers who were in difficulties. The 13th, a man, was swept far out to sea. His body was washed ashore several days later.

Through near exhaustion from their long swims and struggles with the people they were trying to save, Baker and Clarkson toiled for hours with artificial resuscitation to revive the worst affected. In spite of their efforts, four died.

Such is the stuff the heroes were made of.

The Royal Humane Society awarded Baker and Clarkson medals for their heroism. Their bravery was widely acclaimed in spite of this Baker could not escape the stern censure of a section of the community for having stripped off his clothing in the public view.

An important consequence of the

incident was a meeting of all life-saving clubs to organize a system of volunteer weekend lifeguard patrols at metropolitan surfing beaches.

Soon after his flight promotion venture "Snowy" Baker became interested in local movie-making. With E. J. Carroll he was one of the pioneering teams of Australian film makers. He was a ready-made star for the venture, playing the lead in Hopalong Cassidy-type films in an Australian setting. Baker starred in "The Economy Writing", "The Man From Kanangra", "The Lure of the Bush" and "The Shadow of Lightning Ridge". "Snowy's" costar in these films was his magnificent grey horse, Boomerang, which he later took to America where they both played in films.

"Snowy" remained a film actor until he helped to establish the Rivers Country Club in the early 1930s. The emphasis of the Country Club's activities was an equestrian sports. "Snowy" personally met the demand to tutor many aspiring members. He found the work so satisfying that he made his home in Los Angeles, where the climate and surrounding countryside was reminiscent of his beloved Australia. So "Snowy" Baker became in truth a little part of Australia in a foreign land.

"Snowy" had married, in 1933, the widow of Dr Gus Kotterey, who had been a prominent Melbourne athlete. He had no children of his own but raised his step-daughters, Joan and Margaret, with a natural father's devotion.

When homesickness finally brought him back to Sydney in 1952 "Snowy" came alone. And he

came off the aircraft that brought him from America as a stretcher patient. Thus dear old friends waiting at the airport to greet him but "Snowy" was merely the victim of severe air sickness.

"I never suffered like this from riding a buckjumper," he groaned as they carried him from the plane.

"Snowy" quickly recovered and was feted wherever he went as a dashingly handsome Australian sport. Lord Mayor Sirms O'Dea expressed Sydney's joy at having him home once again by presenting him a silver welcome. The most distinguished sportsmen of the day—both preceding and retired—honored him at another reception at Sydney's Tattersall's Club. Strangely stopped him in the street to shake his hand. He made a radio broadcast to the ABC's guest of honor.

"Snowy" reacted typically. "I'm coming home for the rest of my days," he said. "As soon as my wife, who was too ill to make this trip with me, is fit to travel we'll be here to live among our own people."

"Snowy" had sound advice to offer young people who would keep themselves healthy in mind, body and good citizenship. Though by no means a crack on the subject he disapproved alcohol and tobacco. He considered both hampered an athlete not only in sporting performance but in his preparation for it. And sport, in his view, was essential to all as a matchless character-builder.

"Sport teaches a man to take hard knocks," he said. "Everybody should play as many sports as possible." He singled out swim-



On his return to Australia, Baker was given a reception at Sydney's Tattersall's Club, by the most distinguished sportsmen of the day — both preceding and retired. He is seen here with jockey Billy Cook and tennis star Jack Crawford.

ring as the most physically beneficial of all sports.

Though he never regretted his own lucidate legislation, he once had cause to reflect on it.

He was travelling to England in 1907 to take part in the English boxing championships. When his ship was at Port Said a couple of shipboard friends persuaded him to visit a pub with them, he withstood their pressing invitations to take just one little drink. "Snowy" enjoyed the visit and his friendly company but stuck strictly to water.

"At the end of the trip they carried me ashore on a stretcher," he said. "I had typhoid. The doctors said I'd caught it from drinking water at Port Said."

On another occasion "Snowy" unwittingly acquired a hangover, the discomfort of which banished any doubts his typhoid attack might have implanted about the wisdom of his abstemious

"They offered me whisky at a reception I attended in Finland," he said. "I refused. Then someone said, 'Try this — it's tonic!'" I tried a glass and liked it very much. So I had another. Then another. Then still another.

"When they set me up I was feeling really frisky and in need of exercise. A local fellow, all done up in a fancy uniform including sword, was nearby. I grabbed his sword and made a few fencing passes at him.

"Under the influence of the fancy drink that inspired all this my eye wasn't as sharp as it should have been nor was my hand as steady as when I went through sword drill with the New South Wales Lancers. So in one lunge I struck the sword an inch or so into the uniformed gentleman's stomach.

"I'll never forget the start it gave me when I saw blood spread over his uniform."

"They put us both in hospital for four days — me to recover from some strange affliction and the victim of his own sword in my unsteady hand from the pinking. We were in the same hospital room and left by firm friends. All was forgiven if not forgotten."

The mystery was unravelled for "Snowy" when he learned that the "tonic" drink he had taken at the reception was a Swedish punch strongly laced with alcohol.

"Snowy" returned to California from his 1903 visit to Sydney vowing that he would return to settle enough to travel.

But he never did. Soon after his arrival back in California he was stricken from an illness from which he died in March, 1923.

He was 69. His body was cremated at Beverly Hills and his ashes were installed in an urn in the Hollywood Memorial Centre. So "Snowy" Baker, a fiercely-proud Australian, never did come home to live but the Australian emigres and fans he planted in the grounds of The Genghis sheepish as his memorial.



The boy from the Westland district farm, Les Darcy, took his first unsteady steps on the ladder of fame, while "Snowy" Baker was promoting his other fight at the Sydney Stadium.



J. W. H. T. Douglas — nicknamed Johnny Want Bit Today — was one of the greats in English cricket. His father, referring to the middleweight championship of 1920, awarded the fight to Douglas although Baker's son didn't agree.



SONG OF LIFE

Sing low,
Sing high,
Sing sweet and soft —
Of glamor
And of love . . .
Of romance
And the light of stars —
The moon that shines above . . .
All are in tune
All fit the song
A lovely lady sings.



CHARTERED FOR DEATH

Nobody had to tell him that good-looking dolls mean trouble. But when death strikes three times in the one night . . . that's carrying the odds too far!

THE first things that Donovan saw when he came off the tarmac into the airport lounge were the legs. Their owner's face was hidden by the gaudily colored travel brochure she was reading, but even if it hadn't, it would have been quite a while before Donovan got around to it. The legs were covered in shagreen nylon and were long and finely tapered to tiny ankles and delicately arched feet. The fashionably shortness and tightness of their owner's skirt and her position in the lounge chair were enough to draw the average male interested in an encounter to see just how long the legs were.

Dopeman was no exception. In fact, the legs had taken their owner halfway across the lounge before he realized that the gauzy strip of cloth trailing across the arm of the chair also belonged to her.

In three seconds flat, Donovan was tapping her gently on the shoulder, and saying "You left your coat behind, Miss—?" He raised his voice to a question on the "Miss".

The girl turned sharply, showing bright blue eyes and a face that matched up nicely with her legs. "Why, as I did," she said, in a deep, husky voice that made each word a promise that Doug was hoping the speaker knew all about. "These carrots of mine. And how nice you to return it Mr—?" She ignored Dopeman's curiously and showed a little of her own.

From then on, to a man of Donovan's accomplishments, it was a piece of cake. Half an hour later they were sitting over drinks in the city. In another half an hour, to return for only the information he'd deduced from peering at her legs, Dopeman had convinced her that he was an airline owner piloted on a special charter to take the very latest model Australian made car to a rich Sheikh in Malaysia. Can you blame him if he kept quiet about the fact that the air line consisted of one battered old

Dakota held together by wire and hope, and that he'd taken the charter at a munous price simply to keep eating and flying. After all, as he reasoned he was taking her on her legs; let her take him on his airline.

After that caustic exchange of confidences things slowed down a little while they concentrated on their drinks. The girl herself restarted progress by asking Donovan which hotel he was at.

He laughed. "Hotel, ma?" He stuck back. "I've got to catch the old bus in and sit by her." implying, of course, that his precious place and cargo could not be left unattended overnight.

The girl accepted this thoughtfully. "Well," she said, steady, "If you really have to get back to the airport, we'd better pack it up. We'll go back to my hotel room for a nightcap and then I'll drive you out."

There was no nightcap, of course, or any other revering for that matter. The action began the moment they walked from the long veranda into her room and she closed the French windows firmly behind him. The gauze scarf, the cause of their meeting, was the first to go. In the darkness the silkless whisper and sheaf of material told Donovan that much more personal items were following it. By that time he was pretty busy himself.

It wasn't love, it was war. A war undertaken in pitch darkness. A battle of ambushes and retreats, and fierce hand to hand combat fought in almost complete silence. One hell of an experience. One hell of an experience, Donovan mused at dawn next morning as he sat on the side of the cracked bed and watched the curled, sleeping tigerine, who had been his opponent — but not an experience I'd care to repeat. At least, not for 24 hours or so, he amended, grinning to himself. And then he silently donned his scattered clothes and, carrying his shoes in his hand, let himself out through the French windows. With Donovan the char-

ter came first, well, most of the time.

It was Donovan's own fault that the two men took him so easily on a night six weeks after the episode with the girl had been circulating in a girl till off a dirty back alley and the fine edge of his shorts had been drowned in rotgut whisky. When he left the bar and walked out into the dark and almost deserted street and the two men began to shoulder him he was slow enough to claim they were just pavement hogs. He gave way at them a vicious jolt with his elbow that sent him gasping against the wall. Then he caught the swash of a sap and the cracked. The sap scraped the side of his head and landed on his shoulder with numbing force. He struck out blindly, striking his fist in a man's belly and then the sap came down again.

"Don't kill him," a faintly familiar voice called softly, and then the dark garage-diffused pavement came up and hit him at the base.

When he awoke to he was lying on the cold concrete floor of what appeared to be a basement room. A dirty, dry-packed bolt shaved the room to be bare — but for the two compact beds and a row of set-up cupboards. The door was of heavy oak with a symbolic like a coil dog. The two men were there. One a youngish, weakly-handsome man of the type women have a motherly feeling for, was a stranger to Donovan. He knew the other one, though, and the who's business still didn't begin to make sense.

The other one, a middle-aged man neatly dressed in the pin-striped suit and sober shirt of the successful businessman, spoke first. "Ah, Mr Donovan, back with us I see. I presume you remember me?"

Donovan held his aching head and sat up. He waited until the room stopped spinning and then he said, very carefully: "I remember you. Banks, and you won't be forgetting me either."



Wm. W. Denslow

ADAM, July, 1942 23



"Gives the proper tools, Henry can ruin anything."

"No, Mr. Donovan. I'm not likely to forget you, you cheap huckster," Banks turned to the other man. "John, I have some private business to discuss with this rat. You can leave us." The other man hesitated and Banks reached into his pocket and handed out a fist stack \$25. "Don't worry about leaving me alone with him. Mr. Donovan is not feeling so tough right now."

They waited, studying each other in silence until John left the room, closing the door behind him. Banks cleared his throat as though he was going to address a board meeting. "And now, Mr. Donovan," he said, firmly, "we have a little business to discuss. Six weeks ago I started your plans to deliver a new car to a friend of mine in Malaysia. Mr. Donovan, I want that car. You can tell me where it is now, or you can make it hard for yourself. I don't much care which way you choose, but just assured that I'm going to get it."

Donovan's mouth fell open. "You're off your rocker, Buddy. Why come to me for a car that was delivered in Malaysia three days after I took the charter?"

Banks twisted his thin lips in a grimace that might have been a smile. "Oh yes, you were clever, Donovan. You did deliver a car, all right — but it wasn't the car you were supposed to deliver. That's the one I want."

"You're crooked," Donovan told him. "Start sharing crackers. I don't know what the hell you're talking about!"

ach." He went to the door and called for the other man. When he came they held a whispered consultation inaudible to Donovan, then he went away again. He was back in a few minutes with a long length of flex, apparently a mechanic's light lead. For it still had a plug on one end. While Banks watched, John used Donovan, very efficiently, legs and feet, then rolled him carefully onto the corner of the cement table, against the wall furthest from the door, and let him lie there.

"Master," Donovan spat. "You'd do better to take that gun and blow my head off. I'll follow you to hell and back."

"You've got no position in threatening anyone," Banks answered mildly. "You'd be better occupied reviving your lost memory." They walked to the door where Banks turned. "If you're thinking or making a move to attract attention, Mr. Donovan, save your breath. We have no new neighbors and the only two residents, apart from myself, are John here, my chauffeur, and my personal attorney. I pay them well enough to make them oblivious of my well-being." The prop-hinged door closed behind them with soft finality.

A long, long time later Donovan was free. The skin of his wrists and hands was tattooed and bleeding. His head drooped like the grandfather of all hangovers and he was slumped to the bone by the icy concrete floor — but he was free.

High on the wall, just above outside ground level, was a small square of cobwebbed window. By climbing on the cement table and stretching Donovan could see the outside world. It was a peaceful scene. Down at the further end of a paved patio the moon, John, was washing a gleaming black sedan.



"Follow that car!"

Nearer at hand, in the shadow of a gaudy beach umbrella, Banks was dictating letters to his secretary. Donovan watched them for a time, cursing under his breath. Then the strain of his position began to pull at his tired muscles and he let himself back to the floor.

It was then he saw the power point, in the wall under the tuba. He studied it, waiting under his breath. At last he began to smile. He arranged the long piece of flex so he wanted it, and he still had enough slack to feed any but a close observer into believing he was still bound. He settled himself in his original position on the floor and tried to relax, but inwardly he was in a fever of impatience. "Come along, Mr Banks," he said sedately to himself. "I'll try to give you a warm welcome."

Banks was in no hurry to be welcomed. The day had long gone before a faint rustle of movement at the door told Donovan that someone was trying him through the peephole. He lay quite still for what seemed an eternity, and then a key grated in the lock and the door began to swing back. Banks was taking no chances. He stood half-way into the room with one hand still holding the doorknob and the other levelling the BB at Donovan.

That was when Donovan electrocuted him. By a single switch of his finger he set the power running along the flex to where he had bared two ends of wire and wrapped them around the inside door handle.

Banks yelled blearily and his body stiffened in a tortured arc. His right hand jumped uncontrollably and the BB flew ceiling high. As it came down Donovan was underneath it. He hit the fat black butt settle into his hand and then he switched the power off.

Banks was on his knees facing the door, his left hand wedged in the knob. He hung there, quite still, when Donovan cut the power. Treading as warily as a cat, Donovan went to him and caught him by the shoulder. The weight of his hand pulled Banks over, still in his crooked huddled position.

Donovan stood looking down at him, whistling regretfully between his teeth. Mr Banks wasn't going to give him the answers he wanted. Mr Banks was never going to answer anybody anything.

Donovan cleaned up all traces of his own presence in the room, and then, carrying the coil of flex in his hand, he left without a backward glance.

A short flight of stairs led him to a long hall which in turn led him to a door spanning on to the patio he had seen from the basement window. At the far end of the patio a light glowed through the darkness of what appeared to be a flat above a garage. Donovan crossed the patio silently and found an outside staircase leading upwards. Twice as he climbed the creaking of the stairs halted him for long minutes, but at last he



"It seems to me that I left your tip in my apartment."

reached the landing in front of the door.

He loomed carefully around the door jamb and peeked into the room. The man, John, was lying on his side on an unlit bed, his back to the door. Donovan didn't hesitate — he went across the room in a long, smooth leap. His left hand caught the man's arm and his right swung the BB high. The man's body rolled loosely under Donovan's hand and, at the last minute, he checked the downward swing of the pistol. He wasn't going to get his answers here either. His white bone hands of a knife angled from under the ribs of the top, still-warm body told him that.

Donovan searched the room carefully. At the end of 15 minutes all he had to show for his care was a small, over-theshoulder address book he had found in John's pocket. Donovan leafed through it quickly. Among all the remains names and phone numbers that testified to the potency of the dead man's boyish charm one address stood out. "Brockman's Hardware", read the script, and then, a number and a street. He stuffed the book in his coat pocket.

As he was leaving the flat Donovan paused in the doorway. The coiled length of the flex lay where he had dropped it as he went in. He gramed to himself, might as well make it a real puzzler for the cops, he thought. He went back and snuffed the flex under the pillow of the bed.

There were two cars in the garage under the flat, the black sedan he'd seen earlier that day and a station wagon. Both were complete with ignition keys. Donovan chose the station wagon and took it quietly down the driveway to the deserted street. Inside 20 minutes he was sitting in the car in a dark, gloomy factory street staring at a row of lock-up garages under the sign "Brockman's".

He left the station wagon and walked silently along the row of buildings. Halfway down the row, light streaming through cracks snatched out a small door set in the big double-doors of the garage. Donovan eased this door open silently and found himself looking at the rear end of a car that was a dead ringer for the one he'd driven to Malaysia. He knew he was right then.

(Continued on page 25)

THE DOZEN DIRTY TRICKS

A rubber tank armada painted toward Calais, a double for General Montgomery planted in Gibraltar — these were some of the ingenious decoy tricks that foiled Hitler's armies 1000 miles out of position while the Allied forces stormed Normandy.

"MEIN HERRREN, let me see if I understand you correctly," the small red-faced man with the stubby mustache sneered in shrill tones as unbecoming as a stick of chalk sprawling across a blackboard. "According to what you clever spymasters tell me, the Amerikanische Schweine are simultaneously not planning to attack us at all AND are planning to launch massive amphibious invasions in Holland, the Mediterranean coast of France and Pas-de-Calais area on the Channel, Nicht wahr?"

The four German intelligence chiefs representing the Afrika's Abwehr, the Luftwaffe's photo reconnaissance division, the Foreign Office espionage section and the super-secret RSHA that housed both the Gestapo and a vast international network of agents, swallowed hard. Not one of them dared to answer the Führer when he was in a rage like this. They sat in the massive underground "com mand bunker" and took it silently as he picked up and down, reviling them in a mounting crescendo of curses and obscenities, his eyes wild and glaring.

"This is not a children's game to be played in some little kindergarten, you *Unterscheisse!*" Hitler shouted. "It is big. It must be big — at least half a million men. How can they hide half a million men — maybe a million—with all that heavy equipment? Why can't you so-called intelligence experts tell me where this invasion is coming? Are you dumplings or traitors?

"Where shall I move my troops?" Where?"

All the scheming was in vain. Not one of the Third Reich's intelligence chiefs knew that the vast US-British-Canadian invasion force would smash ashore on the beaches of Normandy only 38 hours later. The Nazis had been duped, confused and thoroughly fooled by 12 brilliantly conceived and skillfully executed deceptions. This deadly dozen, which saved thousands of Allied lives and played a vital part in the liberation of Western Europe, were dreamed up by the slick operators of the US Office of Strategic Services, American Army G-2, British Military Intelligence and Churchill's hush-hush Special Operations Executive. Working together under maximum security conditions, they code-named the whole "deception package" Operation Fortitude.

Here are the 12 dirty tricks that saved D Day, and opened the road to Berlin.

(1) Dublin was known to be one of the main listening posts for Axis spy services, for it offered the twin advantage of being situated in a neutral nation (Ireland) and close to both the US forces staging in North Ireland and to the central Allied invasion bases—Britain.

One night in early May, 1944, a curly-haired young American supply officer carrying the ID card and dog-tags of a major crossed into Eire on leave and began hitting the many fine pubs in the Irish capital. He seemed to be well interested at 10 pm when—as if by



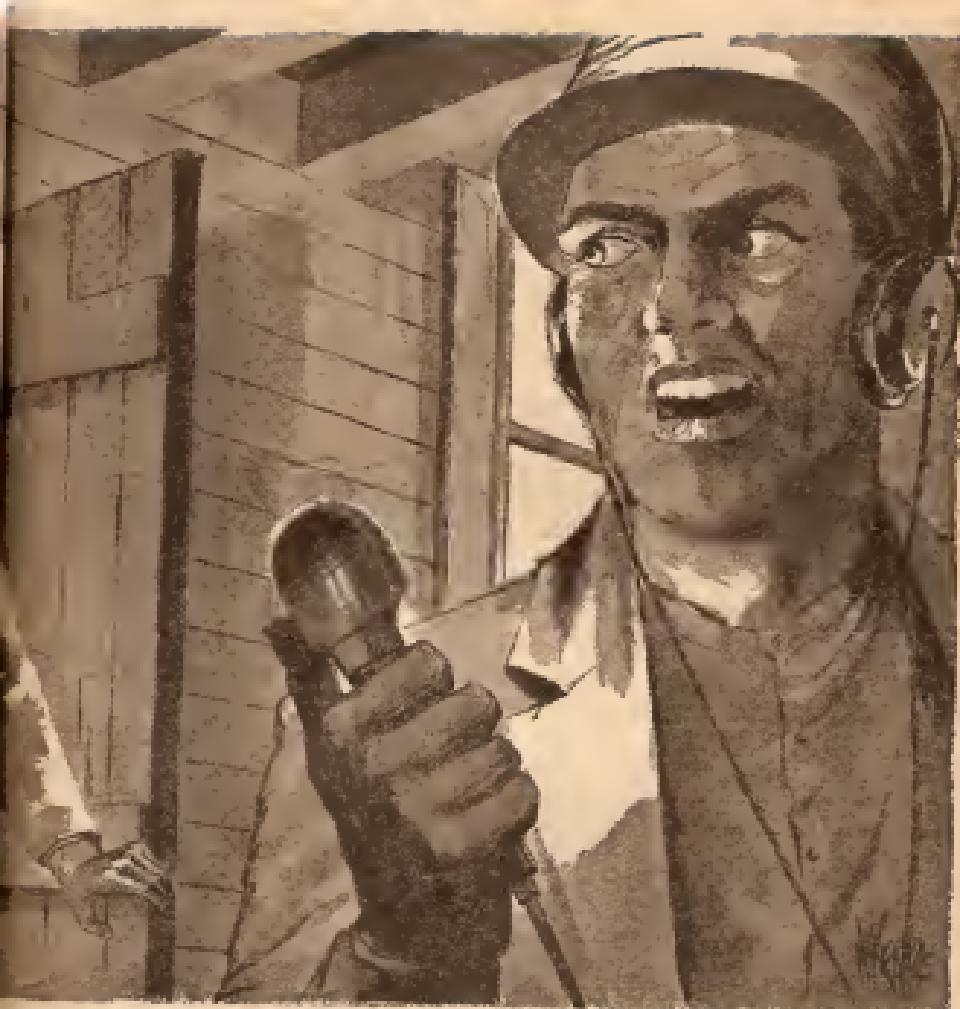
chance—he rolled merrily into a saloon whose bartender was known to be a paid "ear" for the German Embassy.

"A double whisky for Jimmy O'Brien who's a long way from Boston and dying of thirst," he called out heartily.

The wood-paneled room in Massachusetts reacted immediately, and guessed that the young man was a US officer in disguise.

"If you're an O'Brien from Boston, York, the first drink's on me," the eager bartender replied. "Three of my cousins live in Boston, you know," he lied without hesitation.

Tell and whisky flowed steadily across the mahogany, interrupted only when the bartender paused to serve another patron or went into the back room for clean glasses.



While back there, he telephoned a shapely 23-year-old blonde from Stuttgart whose passport showed that she was a "Danish refugee." Within 15 minutes, this golden-haired spy spy arrived to strike up a casual conversation with the increasingly interested American. She was one of the stars of Blaumler's thoroughly trained "bedroom brigades," as she had little difficulty in "persuading" the drunken Taek to "reduce" her.

Shortly after he left her apartment, at noon the next day, she reported to her superior.

"He may have been half-asleep with whisky," she complained, "but he insisted on making love again and again until four o'clock in the morning. I'm exhausted."

"Save that for your memory,

Hedden. What did you learn?"

"Something very important. This Yiddish kid is a major in the supply corps, and he promised me a most interesting present," she answered.

"What?" the Gestapo colonel snapped.

"You're a good kid," he said, she continued with a proud knowing smile, "so I'll send you a pair of wooden shoes next month!" "Wooden shoes? Holland?" her superior exploded. "Naturlich, the long Dutch coast where our defenses are stretched thin! Holland!"

Within 30 minutes, the German embassy's short wave transmitter was crackling out a coded message about the Allied plan to invade the Netherlands. Among those know-

ing was the US intelligence agent who had played the role of the boozey supply officer so convincingly. The whole purpose of his trip to Ireland was to leave German agents a trail of false clues pointing to an Allied invasion of Holland.

(2) Although the Nazis "bought" the phony New Englander's performance, the brain-trusters behind Operation Fortitude knew that it would take a lot more fine-tuning to get the traditionally cautious Prussian field marshals to move any troops into Holland. That was obviously going to require much more leg. To supply this, three additional special operations were launched.

Perhaps the simplest was the establishment of a phony radio-

station that called itself "Ice Skate". Allied intelligence knew that the very competent cryptographers of the German Wehrmacht had recently cracked the code used to pass messages to one major segment of the Dutch Underground, so the Anglo-American decryption team decided to take advantage of that fully.

"Ice Skate" began transmitting in the code literally scores of messages to non-existing Allied agents and spy rings, all designed to reinforce the idea that the Netherlands would be the site of the invasion.

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Other imaginative instructions poured out to Dutch Resistance groups such as "Bath Towel", "Big Flusher", "Cheese Store" and "Blackjack". The messages soon began to produce a growing uneasiness in the German High Command in Holland, which vaguely received suggestions from Berlin that the Wehrmacht forces in the Netherlands be reduced by two divisions destined for France. Those troops were still in Holland on D-Day.

(2) Operation Stampede was probably the most complex of the assorted tricks pulled to fool the Nazis into expecting an invasion of the Dutch coast. It began when an OSS agent in London spotted a pretty long-legged blonde in the British capital. He recognized her as a Nazi operative who had spied in North Africa, so he promptly triggered a complete investigation and round-the-clock surveillance. She was Hanna Herdman, a phony "Dutch" girl sent from Ber-



"Talk to me about marriage a month from now, German, right now
I'm interested!"

In March, 1944, on a specific assignment to secure the time and place of D-Day, to find this tough professional agent, OSS and the British MI-5 created an entire dummy corporation.

The Ariana Film Co. was estab-

lished on Wardour Street in Soho, site of many small English motion picture companies. But Ariana was not making pictures. It was a fake—more precisely, in the language of the garrison—a fake fake. All the personnel were Dutch, British and American, and they spent their time preparing propaganda and psychological warfare material to be used when the Allies bulldozed ashore on the Netherlands beaches. One of the employees hired for this truth-tush operation just happened to be the ultra-naughty Hanna Herdman who was evidently maneuvered into position where a gallant American captain would give her a job at the Ariana Film Co. This man, who had no idea that the entire project was a sham and never suspected that the shapely blonde was a Nazi, was not informed that he was helping Operation Fortitude.

As the OSS expected, the capsule was soon very intimately associated with the worldly dameen girl who was quite expert at using her body to secure information. She got a key to the safe from his pocket while he slept, made a wax impression and later secured a duplicate. With this, she was able to burglar the strong-box and steal a complete set of artificially distorted plans for a dream-dash invasion of Holland. These papers had been meticulously prepared at General Dwight D. Eisenhower's SHAEF headquarters—just for her. She copied her important findings—including specific beach locations



"They surpass us in respects of great technological skill and massive destruction. Not the Russians, the toy manufacturers!"

— to Germany, and then fled in a submarine just before D-Day.

This patented art was in Berlin a week after the Juggernaut breached the wretched West Wall defenses on the Normandy shore. In release on her, the Wehrmacht had shifted the 357th Division to defend the north coast between Alkmaar and Haider and the 125th had been sent to the beaches near the Hague. They stayed there for weeks, because the Nazi generals still thought that the Normandy assault was merely a preliminary diversion to be followed by the main landings in Holland.

(4) The fourth move that helped decide the Germans into reinforcing their military power in Holland was not planned. It was a freak bonus, a piece of luck on which the OSS was quick enough and shrewd enough to capitalize. It started out as a disaster, and ended triumphantly.

It involved a strange half-caste agent named "Billy," son of a Dutch father and Indonesian mother. When Billy was parachuted into Holland by OSS, he was captured by the Nazi counter espionage organization within three weeks. He was taken with his transmitter by the same team of German spy-masters that had been so successful in seizing agents of Britain's Special Operations Executive. Since the Germans had been able to force the OSS men to radio for weapons, money and more agents to be seized, the counter espionage group saw no reason why they couldn't pull the same trick on the American cloak-and-dagger outfit. Billy had to co-operate, or face the blowtorch, the lash, and the dental drill.

Billy didn't want to be scrubbed and dissected like a crippled hamster, but he didn't intend to lure his friends into the trap either. He agreed to send radio messages to the Allies for the Germans, who had his code book, too.

"No funny business, Billy," a German lieutenant told him, "or we will kill you."

Billy began to tap out his message.

"Everything okay. Local Resistance needs at least 200 kilos of plastic explosive, 70 Brens or Thompsons plus ammunition. Will require another 100,000 dollars for expenses," he rumbled with a pistol two inches from his temple.

"Will ship immediately. Dropzone 'Tulip' Saturday night. How is flying weather?" OSS in London answered.

"Down today now but clearing fast," Billy replied.

The word "down" was the pre-arranged danger signal that told OSS that Billy was a prisoner. In the next seven weeks, some small quantities of arms and money were parachuted down as if the US authorities didn't know their agent was in enemy hands. Then OSS began using Billy for Operation Fortitude. All sorts of questions about Dutch beaches, highway, mine fields and coastal de-

fences were flashed to him. "Large numbers of French will join you shortly," one signal from London concluded cryptically.

Because of these phony messages, the 116th Wehrmacht Division was rushed to Harlem and the 18th Panzer Division raced north—away from France. By some miracle, Billy was not shot and later escaped to be congratulated for playing his tricky, dangerous role in the important deception program.

(5) The Germans had a powerful force—including several of their finest armored divisions—stationed in southern France to repel any thrust from Italy against the Mediterranean coast of France. It was a prime target of Operation Fortitude to keep those massive tank groups—such as the fanatical Hermann Goering Division—as far from the Normandy battle-zone for as long as possible.

"The notion of trying to coax an old pro like Rommel into believing as far fetched an idea as a landing in southern France is ludicrous," one US colonel argued. "After all, despite our immense air superiority, some of these Luftwaffe reconnaissance planes will get through to photograph all the hardware we're putting up in England. Thousands of

tanks, whale fleets of landing craft, fantastic numbers of guns and trucks and radio vans. We can't hide all that."

"Equipment is never as impressive as a man, especially to that madman Hitler who sees the entire war in personal terms," a British brigadier countered. "Let's give them an individual whom Hitler hates and fears—Monty!"

Field Marshal Sir Bernard Montgomery's "Desert Rats" had already won Rommel painlessly in North Africa, and Rommel was in command of the defense of France. He would take Monty seriously, as would Hitler. About 10 days before the Normandy landings, Montgomery was driven to Northolt Airport near London under heavy guard to board a transport plane that took off with fighter escort. The small armada touched down a few hours later on the airfield of Gibraltar, where top British brass met Montgomery.

All this urgent activity was seen and heard by numerous German agents in nearby Spain, who had recognized Montgomery through their excellent *Zeus* encyclopedias when he arrived. Something big was going on.

(Continued on page 23)



"I correct the wind gauge, adjust the elevation, explain about the controls on the telescope sight and she gets him on our shot with her eyes closed."

A WATCH-DOG FOR VENUS

Quayne had forced himself into the position of body-guard. To guard a woman with the most beautiful body he had ever seen . . .

QUAYNE cut the motor of the tiny launch and drifted in toward the bank of the creek. He got out and lowered the boat and hopped across the mud, keeping close in cover.

When he came to the next creek he stopped and burrowed down out of sight. He slowly lifted his head and peered cautiously toward the big launch anchored upstream. The white paint blazed in the moonlight, the expensive brass fittings glittering like gold. The girl and the man with her had plunged into the water on the far side of the launch. He could see the other two big figures sprawled out on board, motionless and sluggish. The barking was gone.

He slipped into the bottle-green water, giving a last pat to the sun-kissed Old Special. He dove snuggly into the waterproof leather attached to the belt above his broad trunk. As he swam for the launch underwater he blamed the years of skin diving that had given him the lungs to do it.

He came up out of the emerald water and dragged himself over the side of the launch, the water sliding off his tan brown-skinned flesh.

The first big man turned and stared at the base of the BB staring him coldly in the face. The other one started to make a fight of it. He lunged at Quayne with a vicious kick. Quayne caught the foot, yanked the man off balance, and smacked him over the skull with the checked walnut stock of the BB. The man screamed.

Quayne passed to the other one to tie him up. Teeth glittering behind a thick-lipped smile, the other big man took up the coil of rope and bound his companion. Quayne gestured him aside, went over the knots and tightened them.

Quayne signalled to the other man to knock down while he, too, was bound. The man glowered

and went down slowly. Then suddenly he spun, a knife screeching to his hand. Quayne braced the full weight of the BB against the bicep of the big man's knife arm and, as the muscles stiffened, stumbled on the arm lock. The big man went down, yelping. Quayne drove his foot deep into the big man's stomach and as he writhed, fighting for breath, rolled him over and beat him up.

Then he sat down, breathing hard, and waited for the girl and the man to come back out of the water.

After a while the hands appeared over the side of the launch and they rose up, the fish on their hooks glittering like huge jewels, gills clutched in their hands, the cylinders on their hooks making them look like weird mangled fish. They dropped off the manta and stared.

Quayne hardly noticed the man. He had gaped at the girl's crimson-skinned beauty in newspapers and magazines but this was the first time he had seen her in the flesh, except that she stood staring at him, the water trickling down her body like glistening oil from a bronze. She looked like a golden bride of the Ganges.

The man standing alongside her was young, athletic, narrow-shouldered, with a mass of solid black hair and the hawkish good looks of a flamenco dancer.

The girl, all fire and spirit, spat something at Quayne in Portuguese. Quayne smiled. "You think you will have to repeat it in English, sonho — precomprendimento se I fear it may have been."

The girl, eyes blazing, said in delightfully accented but almost perfect English, "You — you won't . . . my father will have you hanged alive for this."

Quayne smiled again. "The afraid not, amico. You see, I do not intend."

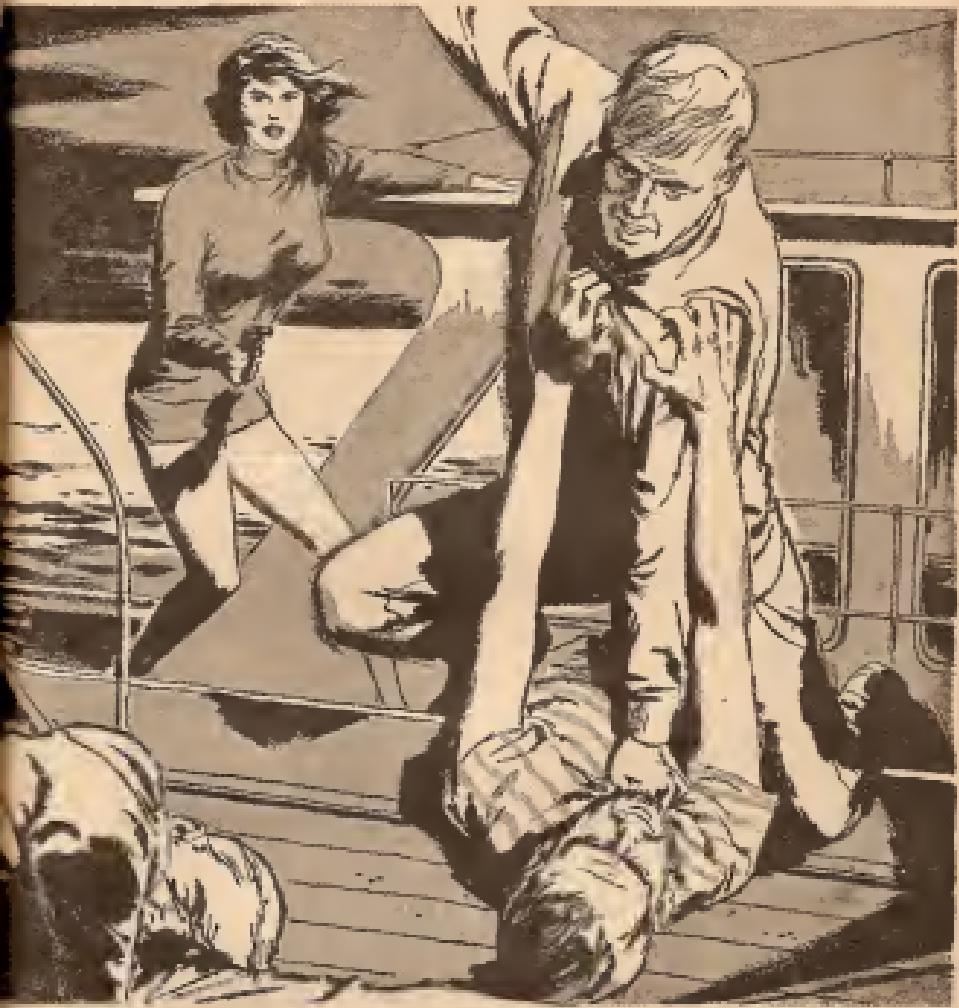
Suddenly her gun came up and



she pressed the trigger. The hammer, lured by sprays of Portuguese strength, flashed at Quayne's head. But he had seen her movement and ducked, the hammer whumping past him, a hairbreadth away. The girl leapt at him, a spitting, clawing fury. Quayne clasped her above the knee with the karate grip. She tumbled over, the gun falling from her hand.

Quayne said coolly, "Now, we'll go down below and get in touch with Don Carlos."

The girl glared at him balefully, got to her feet, rubbing her leg. Quayne gestured with the BB and they went ahead of him, down below. He said shortly, "Where's



the radio?" He meant business.

The girl stared silently. The young man nodded sheepishly toward the door.

Standing in front of the set Quayne said briefly, "Now, son, now, please get in touch with your father."

The girl stared unbelievingly back at him. "You want me to—

Quayne nodded. "Right away."

She stared at him a little longer and then she turned toward the set and flicked the switch. A deep voice spoke suddenly, a questioning note in it. The girl побежал quickly into the set, eyes darting desperately at Quayne.

Quayne moved closer to the set. He said, raising his voice

above the girls, "Don Carlos, I would like to speak to you — in English."

The girl stopped speaking. There was silence and then the deep voice said in heavily-accented English, "Who are you? What do you want?"

Quayne said deliberately, "I want your daughter and her boy friend here captive. We are abouted up a creek on—" He named the island. "I would like you to get here as soon as you possibly can. Come with as many men as you like, but I will permit only two to board this vessel." He flipped off the control. He odd conversationalist is the other two, "Now we wait."

They stared at him, uncomprehending, a look of bewilderment beginning to mix with the glittering mirth in the eyes of the girl. Quayne said coolly, "Let's go back up top." They went ahead of him back up the steps.

The other launch came slowly up the creek and how to shore. A group of men huddled together, staring across at Quayne and the others. Quayne called, "Just you, Don Carlos."

A huge, bulky man separated himself from the others and stepped forward. He sprang from one launch to the other with surprising agility. As he straightened up Quayne held the .38 on him. He said, speaking slowly and care-

tally. "First observe your daughter's bodyguards, Don Carlos. I did that to them."

The bound man glared back at him, shams and fingers twisting their bushy brows. Quayne said lightly, "You see, Don Carlos, also is not everything in guarding such a valuable commodity as your daughter? He nodded toward the girl, her face give glinting defiance at him. "Your daughter has spirit and courage."

Don Carlos nodded, a flush of pride in his watchful eyes. "Her mother was a direct descendant of the Incas. She, too, had spirit." He stared unthinkingly at the young man. "What of you, Rafael?" The young man dropped his eyes uncomfortably.

Quayne said quietly, "A man is not wise in anger with the love of a woman staring him in the face." He continued pointedly, "But you can see the situation here, without. I could have done anything. Tipped the two bodyguards overboard, shot the young men. Or just dumped the three of them on the island. And then I could have sailed away with your daughter. I wouldn't have much of your cattle empire if it would have cost you to have runmaged her!"

Don Carlos stared at him steadily. "And why did you not do any of this, amher?"

Quayne said easily, "A couple of attempts have been made to kidnap your daughter, happily both pretty unsuccessful. However, it is well known that you have not been happy about the type of bodyguard you have been able to secure for her. It is also well known that you would pay a lot of money for the services of a bodyguard in whose care she would be perfectly safe."

He took a long breath. "I had a private detective agency in Sydney, amher. I sold it up and took a plane here to your country. I searched for weeks for your girl and your daughter. I even found out that you had specialised radio equipment that could put you in touch with her every minute of the day. No matter where you both might be I watched everything your daughter and her bodyguards did, and then I followed them here today." He gazed levelly at the big man. "Now, do I get the job?"

The big man stared silently back at him and then suddenly he began to laugh, the cophes rolling up from his great belly, a bright thunder of sound. He roared, "You got the job, amher. You got the job at double the price I intended to pay."

The girl stared at Quayne, her smile slowly replacing bewilderment. She blazed, "Why, you — you bratass — you mercenary — you — you highwayman!"

Quayne smiled back at her. "I can show you a few points on underwater hunting, too. Now, about the way you hold your gun..."

The girl turned her back and padded off, angry feet down



"Except for a few quick customs she clings to, it's hard to believe he met her on a Pacific sail!"

the stairs that led below. Don Carlos, watching her, let forth another thunderclap of laughter. Even the young man permitted himself a weak smile. Quayne grunted at them but he was already walking rapidly so that he had banished that gorgeous wildcat with a little more digression . . .

Quayne shot through the water, eyes on the school of bonito, bring the gun up. The steel-blue greyhounds flashed past, their fins barked into grooves, lowering water resistance to the utmost, slipping by the three hundred at the expresso underwater speed of 30 miles an hour. Quayne, only in the way of the lightning fish, drew up the gun and fired a foot to front of his target's head. The bonito, transfixed, writhed downwards, tangling the nylon line after him. Quayne dived after him, expertly holding gun and line.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the girl, eyes alight behind her mask, shoot and miss badly, misjudging the speed of the fish. The young man Rafael also fired and hit his fish, but the huge-muscled bonito tore itself off the

hook and floated downwards, nose for crabs.

Quayne, smiling, headed for the surface. Bobbing up out of the water he handed his line to the boatman. The boatman, grunting, tugged it into the launch.

Quayne went down again. The school of bonito, hunting for food, had whirled and was coming back. Quayne, harpoon freshly lined, again took aim. Once more an other sleek blue-scaled greyhound writhed away, pierced from side to side.

Quayne hauled himself out of the water and went aboard the launch. He rid himself of the cylinders, mask and flippers and sprawled out at full length, waiting for the others to come up.

After a while Rafael came over the side and eased himself out of the harness. He grumbled at Quayne, mumbling in his tortured English, "Those bath . . . pam pam pam! and they are gone . . ."

At last the girl came up. She clambered aboard and shambly wrenched off her equipment. Quayne, watching her amazedly, stuck in a breach as he ran his

eyes over the sleek perfection of her body.

She looked up and caught Quayne's smile. She exploded. "Oh you are so very smart, sir! Not just about everything; it seems surely there can be no crime in Sydney at all when you are there protecting your profession!"

Quayne grinned. "Perhaps I might not be the greatest private detective in the world, but at least I have a profession to practice. You protect men, I believe . . ."

The girl glared at him coldly. Quayne, turning his head to Rafael, said brightly, "And you, sir, what is your profession?"

Rafael flushed a little. The girl said fiercely, "This was a brave profession than yours, Senator Quayne. He was a *matador*!"

Quayne raised an eyebrow. "What?"

The girl said coldly, "Rafael almost lost his life. He was gored in Mexico City. That's where I met him."

Quayne's eyes travelled immediately to the great arm that he had wondered about. He said, "Some courage, man."

Rafael's eyes flicked at him. "You have watched the corrida?"

Quayne nodded. "Oh, yes. I took a holiday in Spain once. You were a *fencero*?"

The girl snapped, "Every manager aware his fighter is a fencerino, a phenomenon. Rafael



"Hey, do you want to taste something out of this world?"

was more than that. He was a *torero valiente*."

Rafael murmured, "Thank you, now."

Quayne said softly, "And you became infatuated with the glamour of a silicon cape and thought you were in love with him. And then when infatuation came to him you

thought you owed him something. So you brought him down here on an extended holiday, intending later to marry him. Why haven't you?"

The girl stared angrily at him. "Senator, that is none of your concern. I will justify Rafael when it pleases me."

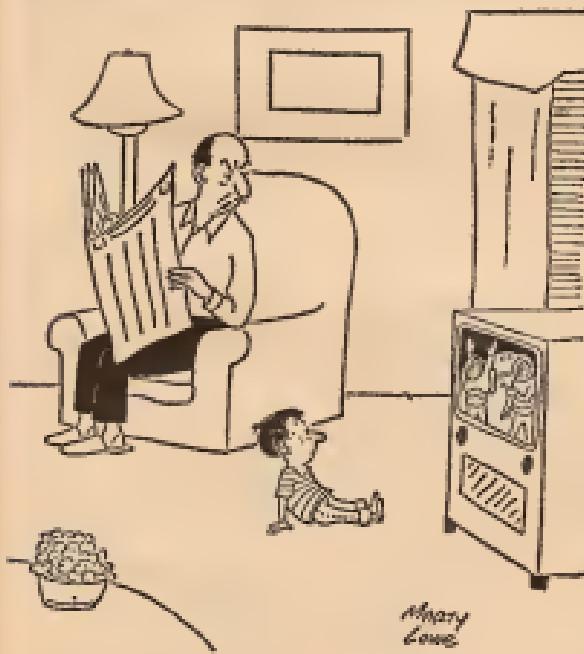
Quayne shook his head. "No, senator, you will not. For you do not love him. You only pity him. There is a vast difference." He swung his head on the young man. He said carefully, "And you, senator, the world in which you were a god is gone but you decided to settle for being the paramour of a goddess. You could have money that way, and some degree of power and a faint sort of reflected glory . . . the faint glory of being the husband of one of the most beautiful women in the world and the companion of a titan. At least you thought you could have it."

He levelled his unblinking grey-eyed stare at the young man. "But surely you know it is a false dream, don't you, senator? You know, don't you, that she does not love you and that there will be no wedding with the Andean mountain-top castle for a feast, and the Indians performing love dances. You know that, don't you, Rafael?"

The young man stared silently back at him. He said slowly, "Yes, I know that, senator."

The girl protested angrily, "Rafael, why do you allow this — this mutation detective to tell you that?"

Rafael turned his head toward her. He said easily, "You know it is true, now. You know I have been hanging on hopelessly. You are as kind as you are beautiful. You have been keeping me because the one thing I could do with experience and skill I can no longer do." He looked at Quayne, despair in his eyes. "It is a bad thing to lose courage,



"Start floating back to earth. In less than two light years it'll be bedtime."

senior. And it is a worse thing to know only the trade of a born. When that is gone there is no place in the world for you. No place at all."

Quayne's eyes flickered in sudden sympathy. He said quietly, "I can understand. I can understand that."

The girl heard. "You understand? What could you understand — you who use words like a club that hurts and bruises . . . you who shatter the last few dreams a man has left . . . you — you professional Peeping Tom . . ."

She hung about and paddled wearily down the steps that led below. Quayne said in a tilted voice, "I am sorry, senior. I am sorry."

Rafael said emptily, "You were right. It is true. That is all."

Quayne was thinking, why do I have to keep on antagonizing her, stabbing at her like a wasp, this girl that I would give all that Don Carter is paying me to take in my arms just once like this broken-down minister has done... the girl who has hit me harder than a harpoon from her underwater gun...

He grabbed up his equipment with an unwanted rough anger and prepared to go below again and take it out on the fish.

Quayne and the girl had come up out of the water and were making their streaming way across the deck when Quayne felt the wet hair prickling on his neck the way it always did when he knew something was going very wrong.

Quayne swung around, but

MARRIAGE COUNSELOR



"Then one night when our TV set wasn't working, I took a good look at her."

AS A.C.L.P. 11-43-000*

Rafael nodded. "I bought it in Mexico City after the goring. I had a funny idea I might shoot myself. Even after I came down here with Francesco I still thought I might do it. But not now. I have other plans for its use."

Quayne said lightly, "Like shooting me, for instance, and throwing me to the barracudas?"

Rafael said expressively, "That perhaps. But not if you are sensible."

The girl found her voice. "Rafael, are you mad? Don't you realize that my father..."

Rafael told in the same story voice, "I realize that your father has untold millions of croissos. I want some of them. I can no longer command thousands of pesos for an afternoon's performance. This is the only way left to me."

Quayne cursed himself silently. He might have known, he should have guessed that barreled from beneath his father's gold through marriage. Rafael would choose this way. But he just had not thought the broken-down little minister had it in him. He cursed himself again.

The boatman, squat and ugly, stared at Rafael and the young men regarded something at him. The business among the wheel, chipping coarse. Looking at the boatman, Quayne cursed himself again for having taken this new man at face value and not having questioned Rafael's surmised remark that morning about not having been able to get the regular men. Rafael intended to sell these pes for the girl like a poor relation in some small way making up for his keep.

Quayne said sadly, "Just as a matter of interest, where are we headed?"

Rafael said expressively, "For a rendezvous! There are some other men in a larger vessel. I have to take partners in this. I warn you, they are dangerous men."

Quayne said, "You want to watch they are not too dangerous for you. There are a lot of sharks in these waters."

Rafael said tersely, "I will handle them. I may have lost my courage but I have found a good substitute. I will carry this through and get the money if it means killing you both."

Quayne said slyly, "I believe you would. The killing part, I mean." He looked at the girl. "Your torero valiente has received his coupons. A coarse phrase, but apt."

The girl said, staring at him. "Rafael, don't you understand you can't get away with—"

Rafael said tersely, "We go below." He gestured with the Oregon. Quayne and the girl moved slowly over toward the stairs.

Halfway down Quayne swung the punch. The hand of the Oregon smashed against the back of his head, bringing paralyzing pain. Quayne, picking his teeth of fingers, said, "You have changed."

Rafael said sardonically, "Try that again, widow, and you will be sent for the barbershop."

Down below he gestured at them to take a chair each by the radio. He said, "We will wait in case Don Carlos makes a call. If he does you will answer him, Francesco, in a normal manner. Tell him you will be a little late in returning. We want a good start."

They sat there and waited. Quayne's mind ticking over, suggesting a dozen methods of attack and rejecting them all. The sound came over the radio, the special call Don Carlos gave for the girl.

Rafael leaned forward. "Answer it, Francesco. No tricks."

The girl slipped a switch and said in a clear, steady voice, "This is your favorite daughter, father. In fact, your only child."

There was silence for a moment and then the deep, strong voice of Don Carlos said, "Why do you remind me of that, Billie one?" His voice raised itself the veriest treble. "My god, there is nothing wrong, is there?"

The Oregon jerked in Rafael's hand, aimed, curiously enough, at Quayne and not at the girl. Quayne looked quickly at the girl and caught the sudden flush of concern in her eyes for him.

The girl's voice said evenly, "What could there be wrong? We have had fine hunting and we will be a little late returning, that's all."

Don Carlos' great belly-dance of a laugh echoed through the room. "Why should I worry when you are being guarded by that tiger I hired?" His voice dropped a little. "Tell me, Billie one, how do you like that fellow? More

than you admit, I suspect. He is a fine tough one, that Pepegrin Tom, as you call him. Much better than that puny little bantam-like boy you brought back with you."

The girl said sharply, "Father, Rafael intends to hold me to ransom. He is here now holding a gun on me and torturing Quayne. There are some others—"

The barrel of the Oregon rested against her mouth, impaling it with blood. Rafael lunged forward and shattered the radio with a kick. The horn of the Oregon swung ominously at the advertising Quayne. Eyes blazing, the young man said thickly, "That was very foolish, Francesco. My friends will not like it. They will not like it at all."

Quayne, looking at the girl's bloodied mouth, snarled, "Neither will Don Carlos like it. He will state you to an authority."

Rafael spat. "First he has to catch me, widow. And if it seems as if he will then he will find you and her looking like a torero I once saw after a bull caught him on the horns and then trampled him with the hoofs." He stared his sudden amazement, twisted at

them both. "I have seen what has been silently growing between you two. Don Carlos could set it, too!"

He snorted at Quayne. "But you won't be able to carry the game no much further, detective. After this, Don Carlos will have no further use for you. And then again my friends are not generous men. But before any of them touch you—" He halted the barrel of the gun menacingly in his hand, eyes gleaming ferociously.

Quayne said conversationally, "My, my, you've really got those cognos right back, haven't you?"

Rafael gestured, snappy hand clasped around the butt of the Oregon with nervous, dangerous energy. He said coldly, "Don't tempt me, detective. Now, get back up top, both of you."

They went up ahead of him, Quayne's mind still trying to figure a way but coming up blank each time. Rafael held the cards and he was playing them like an old hand at the game.

It had been dark for a couple of hours when they contacted the other boat.

(Continued on page 88)



"You have a lovely apartment, Mr. Ingram."

THE DIE-HARD BREED

Pop Pindow was nearly blind and plenty shaky of hand, but to three small boys he was the frontier's greatest lawman. Then the killers hit the town!

MAYBE Pop Pindow was an old die-hard with a few missing molars, blurring eyesight and a shaky hand, but there wasn't anything wrong with his appetite. He stuck up the last meal of ham and eggs with half a bacon, popped it into his wheaker-clenched mouth and shoved back from the breakfast table.

"Marge," he said, "you're a better cook than your mother or grandmother ever was!"

Marge, his granddaughter, smiled fondly at him. She was a pretty girl with sunny blue eyes and a crown of dark-brown hair. She stood trim and neat in her green-hem dress, and began to clear off the table.

"Thanks, Pop," she said. Then getting back to the subject she'd been harping on for the past month, "I'm still in favor of us moving back to the ranch."

Pop crooked fiercely and showed to his feet. Twinges of pain shot through his here and there. He swayed under his breath. Rheumatism. But who could be bothered with rheumatism when his only granddaughter was battling to get him to turn in his deputy's badge? He pointed a gnarled finger at her and yelled, "You talk like a kid! You think I'm a bad-bean?"

"Now, Pop," Marge said gently, "take it easy. Of course, the Welch brothers can't stuff you. I just think you've served your time as a boyman and that you're entitled to a long holiday. After all, a man who's worn a badge for 30—"

"Bah-bah!" Pop snorted, and stomped out of the kitchen into the front room.

Marge wasn't fooling him with that soft soap. He realized she knew he was too old to wear a lawman's badge. He knew it, too, but if anyone thought he was going to give up his job in North Butte, they were tops. To Pop's way of thinking, retiring was just another way of tooting in the sponge, and he couldn't do that. He had some mighty ardent adherents here in North Butte and he couldn't let them down. Anyway, he doubted that the Welch brothers

would bother with the North Butte bank, for the bank in this little out-of-the-way cowtown was just about dead to sidewinders like the Welches.

In the front room, the old lawman strapped the worn single action *AA* about his skinny waist and slipped his hat over his white hair. He took a squat at himself in the mirror, gave his deputy's badge a shove with his sleeve, lifted his thin shoulders a notch and stamped out into the bright morning sunlight.

He felt fine. A little weak in the joints, a little short of breath, but he was still plenty natty. He staggered a little as he strode along the dusty street toward his office. He met old lady McKay, the mayor's wife, and doffed his big hat.

"Good morning, Sheriff," she said respectfully.

He stuck out his chest a trifle. *As hea been!* Most of the folks in North Butte didn't think so. They still thought of him as the grand Tom Pindow, who in his younger days could outshoot, outrun and outfight any man in Custer County. And Custer County was a mighty big hunk of territory to cover, with more than its share of rough-and-ready gents.

His office was a twenty-four cubby hole, with a window in front and another in the rear and a sagging swivel chair and a battered desk between. Pop didn't go much for being cooped up in an office. He tugged the chair out to the boardwalk and sat down where he could watch the goings-on of the town, even if he couldn't see worth beans without his glasses.

Things were no quiet as usual. Pop fired up his pipe and leaned back against the building, contentment tilted here, even if he didn't know his appointment as deputy sheriff of North Butte was little more than away of giving him a pension for past services. That had rankled at first, being stuck off here in a town which had no more need for a lawman than a pig needs an undertaker, but now he didn't mind so much. He'd found a flock of admirers

here, and to Pop, admiration in big or little doses sure made life worthwhile.

Letting his eyes, he saw three of the fine surcums toward him. Skinny, Stink and Bob. Pop wasn't sure of the kids' last names. But those well-joined buttons didn't put a hood about their last names.

"Howdy, men," Pop said. He always addressed them as men, and the 18-year-olds loved it.

"Howdy, Sheriff," the buttons chorused.

They swaggered just like Pop swaggered when he walked from his home to the office. They wore on their shirts the stars cut from old tobacco cans. They sat down on the boardwalk and looked Pop over from top to toe, open admiration shining in their young eyes.

Skinny, the tall one, had red hair, the spot at a knothole in a beard and missed it. "Sheriff, you reckon the Welch brothers will hold up the bank today?"

Pop took a crack at the knot-hole and hit it deadcenter.

"You never know," he said, squinting thoughtfully toward the bar that was the bank building. "Mobile no, mobile not."

Stink, the runt, glistened at the knot-hole speculatively, then turned a sly grin, gave back to Pop. "I feel sorry for 'em if they do try to hold up the bank," he said.

"Sheriff," young Bob said, "show us again just how you draw your gun 'n' aim at a sidewinder. Show us just once more."

Ignoring the twinges of pain in his stiff back, Pop straightened up and squared himself.

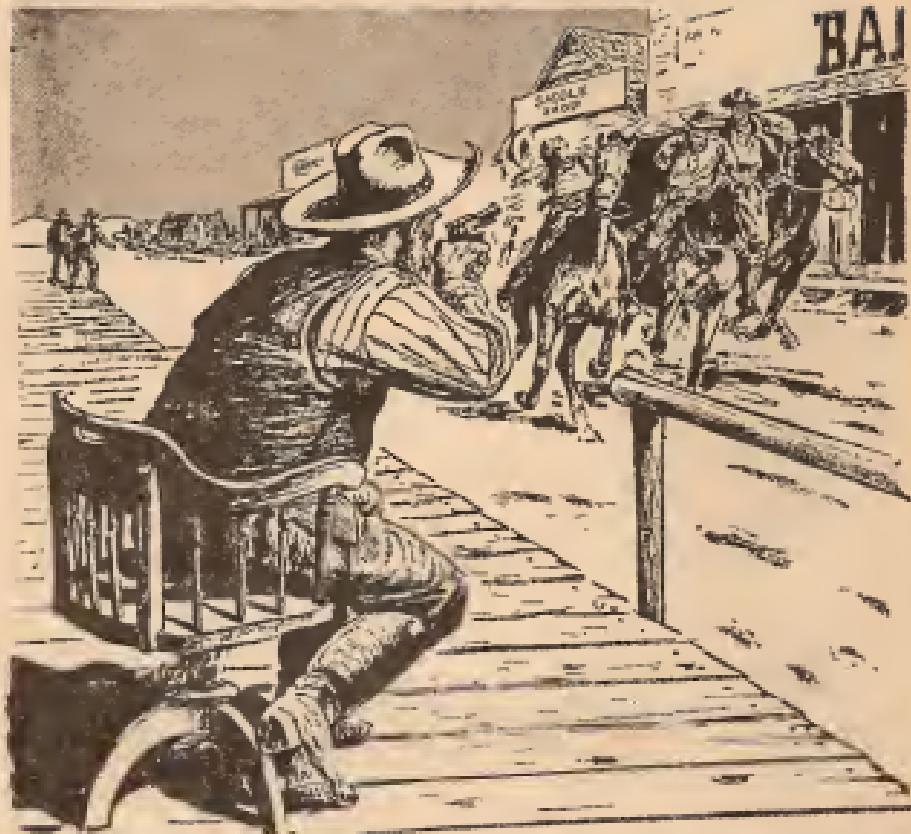
"Well, sir," he said, "watch close, sir! I'll show you!"

He made a grab for his *AA*, dragged it from the blackened holster and tilted it level with his eyes. He held on to it with both hands. He could hold it steadier that way. No sense in letting the kids see how his hands shook.

"Don't you shut one eye when you aim?" Bob asked.

"No, sirr!" Pop said. "I look straight along the barrel with both eyes. Two eyes are better'n one, I always say."

He shoved the old hogleg back



into the holster and took another crack at the knothole. Almost missed. He'd have to do some preening up on this spitting business.

"Sheriff," Leah said, "tell us about the time you captured them train robbers."

"Aw," Pop said, "that weren't nothing compared to the time I trailed some Indians across the desert and rescued some white men they'd captured."

Hold just get goodly started on the tale when Marge came swinging along from the grocery store. She gave the kids a big smile and a handful of cookies and said, "Why don't you start-takers run along and look for outlaws of your own?"

After the kids had scampered away, she turned her blue eyes on Pop. They were as sunny as ever, but a frost creased her brow.

"Pop," she said, "shame on you for filling those boys' heads full of fighting and killing. Telling them wild stories about—"

"Now, looky," Pop sputtered,

"those stories are true, Losewhoo, most of 'em are. Besides—"

"Look who's coming to town!" Marge cried.

Pop swiveled. At first he couldn't tell who the long-legged rider on the dun horse was. But when the rider let the dust and turned toward them, hat in hand, Pop recognized him. He was Freddie Star from Junction.

"Hello, Marge," Freddie said, grinning a foot wide. "Hi, Pop. How's tricks?"

"Fine, find," Pop said, grinning back at the leeky, young, actor.

Then he glanced at Marge and his grin widened. Her cheeks were as pink as new roses, and her breath was coming too fast. She was wild on Freddie, and he was crazy about her. One of these days, Pop figured, they'd hitch up, and he was one hundred percent in favor of it.

Freddie was a top-hand all the way around. He was Sheriff Conway's right-hand man and wasn't

afraid of the devil himself. But Marge had a way of throwing a scare into him, and right now he was shifting his weight from one foot to the other like an overgrown schoolboy.

"Nice to see you, Freddie," Marge said, and her voice and eyes told the world that she meant it.

Freddie combed bag fingers through his sandy hair. He acted as fussed as a kid caught stealing jeans.

"Nice to see you, Marge," he said, his voice a little husky. Then he glanced uneasily at Pop. "Sheriff Conway sent me over, sir," he went on, fumbling in his pocket. "He's got a note for you."

Pop took the note and began to read for his glasses. Marge left the dangled things at home. He handed the note to Marge.

"Sheriff Conway can't write for save apples," he said. "Maybe you can make it out, Marge."

Smiling, the girl glanced at the

point. Her smiling faded. "Dear Tom," she began uncertainly.

Pop smiled to himself. He'd known Jim Conway from the time Jim had worn diapers, and taught him all he knew about shooting a gun and the law business. Not a better man in the State than Jim.

"As you know," Marge continued to read, "the Welsh brothers are holding up some place in the part of the country, and those boys are bad medicine. I'm sending Freddie Star over to your town to sort of help you look after things while those three rascals are at large. Good luck and best wishes. Jim Conway."

At the import of the name scolded in, Pop Pfeffer hit the ceiling. He got up on his bony legs and cursed. He flung his hat to the wall and stalked it half-way across the street.

"You sure you read that right, Marge?" he yelled. "You know that Jim Conway don't think I can handle things here! That he's not a well-versed no-good kid to help me handle a couple of dairies!"

Coughing, Pop sank back in his chair. Doing this short-breath business, anyway. In a minute, he'd tell the world that he was still able to guard a two-bit bank. Gave him paper and pencil — and his glasses — and he'd write a letter to Conway that would singe his hair.

"Now, Pop," Marge said worriedly, "don't take it like that. My Conway knows there are three Welshes and only one of us, so..."

"Never saw three sidewinders yet I couldn't handle," Pop stormed. "Where's that damned Freddie Star? Freddie, come here."

Freddie came up. He'd gone out

into the street to retrieve Pop's hat.

"Freddie," Pop shouted, "take that capsize and high-tail it back to Juniper. You tell that pin-headed Conway I said he could go straight to..."

"Sorry, Pop," Freddie said, "but Jim's orders were for me to stay

here until further notice. Rockin' I'd stay."

Something in the young man's voice told Pop that Freddie was in North Idaho to stay. He grabbed the hat, slumped it back over his white hair and glared up at the broken, good-looking face. Suddenly he heard Freddie Star. The very idea, the kid wearing a suit-gum hung low as if he knew how to use it! The damned young whopper-snapper, and him goo-goo about Marge! Why, he wouldn't let Marge marry Freddie Star if it was the last man on earth!

"I'll not get in your way, sir," Freddie went on quietly. "You just go ahead and run things as usual."

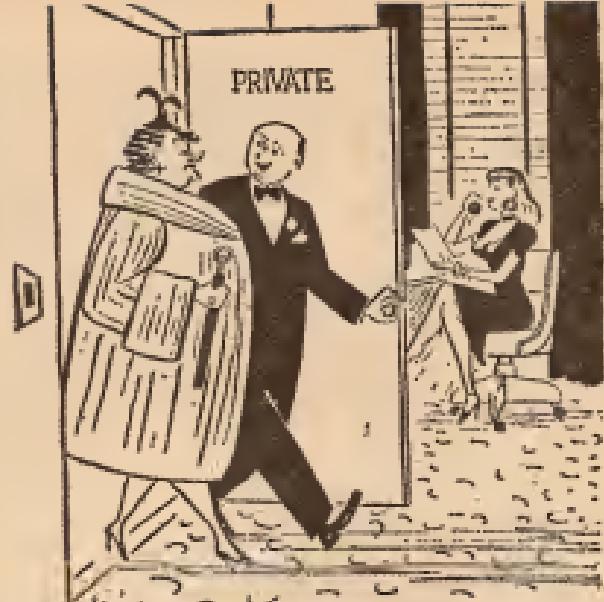
"You bet I'll run things as usual," Pop said fiercely. "As I won't need you. Get out my sight before I forget you're a kid who don't know any—"

"Yes, sir," Freddie said. Then as he turned toward his horse, "See you later, Marge."

"Anytime," Marge said, but her smile was a little doubtful, and the sun had gone out of her blue eyes.

Pop snorted and leaped back against the building. Freddie mounted his horse and rode toward the rooming house at the far end of the street. Without a word, Marge picked up her groceries and went in home. Pop sat like a statue until he'd cooled off a few degrees.

Commonsense told him that the sheriff had done the right thing



"I know you'll like my new attorney here, she could pass as poor little sister."



"Name your poison!"

in sending Freddie here, but Pop didn't like it. It was a slap in the face. A blow to his pride. It showed him that Jim Conroy figured that he, Pop, was a has-been. It showed him a lot of things that he had hidden himself into not behaving.

"Howdy, Sheriff."

Pop turned to stare down at the three admiring bairns.

"Mervil," the red-headed Skinny asked, "what's that Freddie Star who rode up here a month ago?"

"Uh-huh," Pop grunted.

"Gee," Stub said, his eyes shining, "he's a revolution! Listen! Wish I was big as him."

"I bet he can shoot faster'n lightning!" Bob said.

"I bet the Welchans won't try to rob the bank now," Skinny allowed.

Pop snorted disbelievingly. "You don't think them subversives would pay no mind to a young squirt like Star, do you?"

"I would if I was them," Stub said with a shrug.

Staring down at the kids, Pop suddenly realized that he was mighty close to losing three of his most loyal fans. Just as suddenly, he felt scared. And mighty danged old and no-good.

He cleared his throat. "Did I ever tell you about the time I shot it out with Miller Rivers? Rockin' I didn't. Well, sir, this Miller Rivers—"

Pop's voice trailed off. The kids weren't listening. They were watching Star lead his dam horse toward the livery barn.

Pop ground to his feet and began to drag the old chair toward the office door. "Get it, you kids," he said harshly. "I got work to do."

But he didn't have a thing to do. Just sat at his desk and cues half-heartedly and took old and watched out. He guessed he ought to resign and return to his ranch like Marge wanted him to do, but he was a stubborn old rascal. Besides, quitting now was the same as admitting he was no good, anymore. Also, if he quit, maybe the kids and everybody would figure he was just an old whistler. He shuddered slightly and brushed a hand across his eyes. Hard he'd imagined he had quit!

As the days passed, Pop would likely have reconciled himself to the state of things — Freddie Star being in town and keeping an eye on the bark — if it hadn't been for the attitude of his former admirers. The kids didn't flock around the deputy's office to listen whenever to his yarns about his past exploits. They were too busy following Freddie at a respectful distance. They had stopped ganging in imitation of Pop and now walked in a long, easy-winding way just as Freddie walked. Also, Pop thought he detected a lessening of respect among the townspeople. Take old lady McKinley, she hardly spoke when she met him on the street. So as the days passed, Pop's irritation grew.

"Danged up-part!" he muttered darkly one afternoon as he sat watching Freddie, who was walk-

ing along the other side of the street.

"What're you mooshing about, Pop?" Marge asked.

The wife was pretty as a field of blossoming clover and twice as sweet. She had a market basket over one bare arm, and with her other hand, reached out to ruffle his white hair.

He flung her hand away angrily. "You've seen me enough of that Freddie Star," he said.

She looked startled. "But, Pop, I thought you liked—"

"The more I see of him, the less I like him," Pop cut in. "You stay away from him."

Marge didn't argue. She knew better. She knew what was behind her grandfather's anger. The old man was all she had, and she loved him. And she was in love with Freddie. She didn't know what to do to smooth things over. So being a very young girl, she went home and cried a little. Then she talked with Freddie, and being a very young man, he didn't know what to do about it, either.

"If he wasn't such a hard-headed old fool—" Freddie began.

"Don't talk about my grandfather like that!" Marge flared.

So they quarreled a little and pretty soon they both got mad, and Freddie went stamping away.

That left things in a mess all the way around, with Pop Finkow getting crazier and madder all the time. Freddie feeling lower than a tickle tick's nestep and Marge crying herself to sleep at night and holding her chin and shoulders a notch too high in the daytime.

Then came the payoff. It happened on a hot sunny Friday when there wasn't enough room to tickle the whiskers of a tamcat.

Fog sat in the old wicker chair in front of his office, sipping a cup of shade, his battered hat pulled over his eyes. It was close to show time with the sun blazing straight overhead, but Fog wasn't hungry. It seemed that his damp appetite had gone back on him ever since he'd told Marge to leave that long-ago coyote, Freddie Star, alone. Those dark circles under Marge's blue eyes had him worried. And he didn't like the way Freddie shuffled around the street, looking as if he'd lost all his get-up-and-go. On the way Freddie and Marge would walk a block out of their way to avoid meeting each other. Doing it all, didn't they have sense enough to know better than to pay attention to what an old fool like him said?

Closing softly through his whiskers, he shoved up his hat and opened his eyes. Three or four





"Miss Crossell couldn't make it tonight . . . I'm her understudy."

Walter stood in front of the bank. Wiser's eyes, which, eyes had been bothering him more and more lately. Couldn't see close up or far away. If those changed glasses weren't such a give-away to a man's sight, he'd wear 'em.

He started to close his eyes again to the sun's glare, but didn't. Something was going on in front of the bank. A lot of barking and horse snorting. Too much dust being raised for a man to see plain. Besides he couldn't see that far, anyway. And then three horsemen came rattling down the street towards him like a herd of stampeding steers.

A shot rang out, and someone yelled, "Stop 'em!"

One of the riders flung a shot back over his shoulder, and Pop came erect in the old chair. Suddenly he knew what was going on.

While he'd been half-dozing and viewing stage Wagon and Freddie, the Welch brothers had slipped into town from the east, visited the bank and were heading west toward the badlands. At the moment, the three outlaws were right in front of him and putting the spurs to their charging mounts. Another 10 seconds, they'd be out of range.

Pop didn't take time to get up out of his chair. He pulled off the old *Ad* and leveled it with both hands.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" he bellowed. The outlaws didn't stop. Both eyes open, Pop tried to line the barrel up along the barrels. The way his eyes played tricks on him wasn't any laughing matter. But he squeezed the trigger and felt the old *Ad* kick. He lurched back the hammer and fired again and again.

A rider emerged out of his saddle and hit the dust like a sack of cement. The two remaining outlaws were shooting now. A

bullet fanned past Pop's whiskers and plowed into the wall behind him. He felt the wood splinters enter his neck. He squeezed out another shot, and another man went down and stayed down. Pop triggered again, but nothing hap-

pened. His gun was empty, but it didn't matter now. The oldest and last of the Welch brothers had flung the gun away and was holding both arms high.

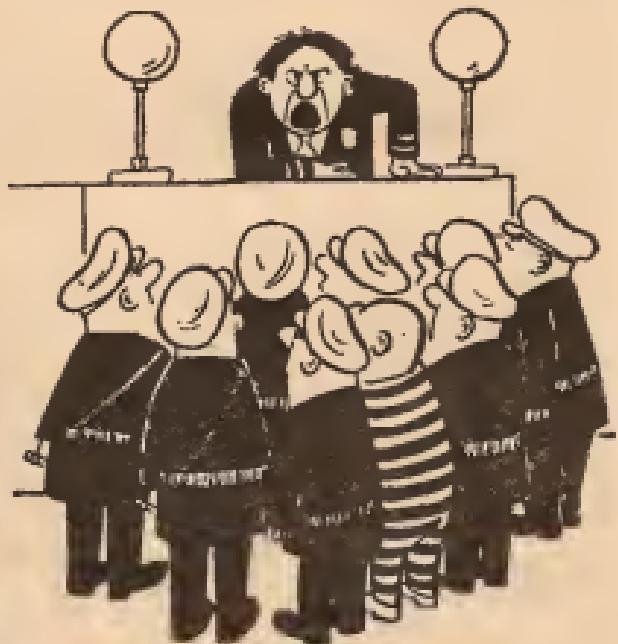
Shaking with excitement, his breath coming in short wheezes, the older brother shoved to his feet and stumbled toward the middle of the street. By the time he reached the outlaw, half the town was there, including the three Justices, Sonny, Stink and Bob. And coming up of a lopsided trot was Freddie Star with a smoking six still in his hand.

Pop stuck out his chest a trifle. "G-men shan't learn all the side-winders in the State to stay out my territory," he said.

"Coo whiz!" the three Justices said.

For a moment, Pop gazed about at the admiring faces of his audience. He felt fine. Weak-kneed and tired, but as salty as a two-year-old. Then he turned his attention to the fallen outlaw, and suddenly he was plainly scared. And a little sick to his stomach. Every shot had fired had missed!

Both men had been shot squarely through the head. Pop had aimed for the heart. Another thing, he'd been a lot of holes punched by the *Ad* shots, and these bullet holes, he somehow knew, were not of his making. And the angle of the holes was not quite



" . . . and remember, he's very clever. Think of the most unlikely place he'd be and that's where you'll find him!"

right to be made by a man sitting in a chair in front of the deputy's office.

Pop pulled his eyes up to Freddie star's grinning face. Freddie had put away his gun and was standing there with his long arms folded. A good-looking hunk with the best years of his life yet before him.

"Pop," Freddie said, "you sure danged scared those bandits. Man, man."

"Just like he got that gang of train robbers," the red-headed Shirley piped up. "Almost with both eyes to 'em 'em have it!"

Pop swallowed and found his voice. "It wasn't nothing," he said modestly. "I just happened to be makin' there in easy range, an'—". But Shirley got the better of him. "Looky, yuh like, I didn't—."

At that moment, Freddie slapped him so hard on the back that it almost knocked all the wind out of him.

"Never saw anything like it, Pop," Freddie shouted. "You kickin' away with that old gun and knockin' 'em out of their saddles like they were sittin' ducks. Sheriff Conway was sure crazy to think that you needed me around."

Before Pop could get his breath, Freddie was herding him across the street away from the crowd.

"Pop," he said, "you sure haven't lost your trigger finger."

Pop squinted at the young man. The danged fool, didn't he recognize his own bullet holes when he saw them? Then he saw something in Freddie's eyes that told him the answer. Freddie was no fool. He knew who had killed the man.

"Mebbe I ain't lost my trigger finger," Pop growled, "but you know as well as I do that I didn't kill—."

"Pop," Freddie interrupted. "If you hadn't started hanging away and slowed them fellows up, they'd got away sure. Just because I happened to accidentally hit a couple of 'em is no reason for you to go shootin' off your mouth about it."

Pop glanced back over his shoulder. The three bandits were staring at him as if they were seeing the eighth wonder of the world. Pop lifted a hand and waved.

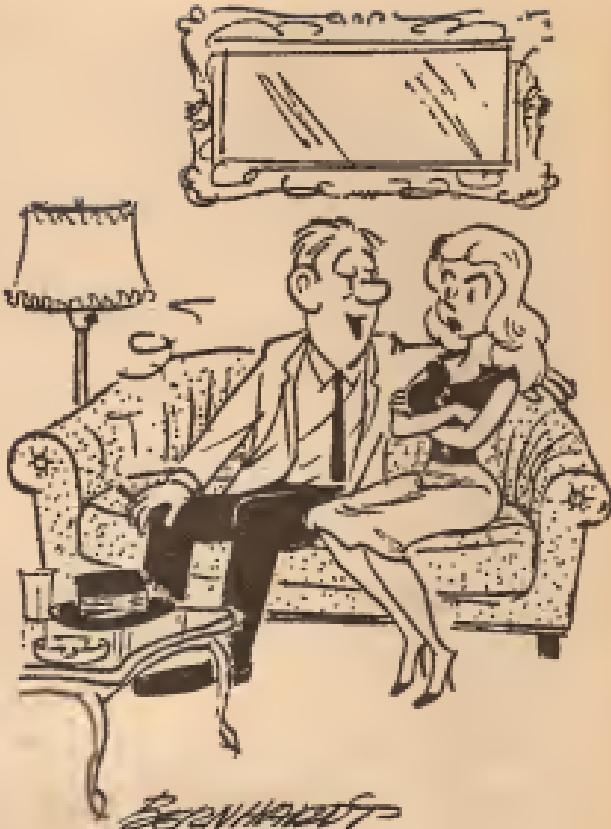
The olderster stuck out his chest a trifle. Mebbe he had missed the bandits a mile, but he'd gone in there, swinging. He hadn't let the kids down, or anybody, or himself. He had done his best, and a man could do no more. But it was time to quit.

"Guess I've done my share of hedge-patching," he said. "Tincture'll return. Marge's been after me to — say, that reminds me. It's dinner time. Let's go see what Marge's got cooked up."

"I better not," Freddie said, looking scared. "She's sure at me, and—."

"Come on, yuh danged idiot," Pop said.

And Freddie did. •



"Sure I think a man should have respect for the girl he marries. What's that got to do with us?"

PLAY IT BY EAR

(Continued from page 4)

It was heavy, and it took him only seconds to see why. Besides the usual woman chatter, there was his own .45 Colt automatic in the bottom of her bag. He recognized it instantly by the rock in the handle. Fred had a permit for it because of the sums of money he gathered from the shops to the main office before depositing it in the bank. The gun had disappeared along with the \$20,000 from the safe. Only Eby and Alex were supposed to know that combination. But Lois had been there several times when Alex opened it, and she was sharp, very sharp; she probably knew that combination after the first time he opened it in her presence.

Alex removed the clip and ejected the bullet from the chamber. He replaced the clip and then

put the gun back in her purse. He lay back on the bed. She was up to something—but what?

Lois came out of the shower. "Up and at 'em, brother. Shower while I get the food ready."

Alex began going over the whole series of events that led up to his switch in prison.

Eby had opened a small music shop that had never done too well. Alex had gone to work for him as a saleswoman. Tape recorders were just beginning to become popular and Alex had lined up one import that the shop couldn't get. Eby had liked the idea—in fact had been like a kid with a new toy about the recorders. He had been afraid to risk borrowed money, but then Lois took over and convinced him to do it. Eby had a good reputation and was able to borrow the money to finance importing the recorders. They were a relatively low priced machine and had sold like wildfire and breakneck.

As a result, the business at Eby's Music Shoppe had doubled, tripled and quadrupled within a year's time. Eby made Alex a junior partner. Everything had been going great, and then suddenly he found himself framed as an embezzler.

After they had eaten, and were on the old sofa, she asked, "What are your plans, Alex?"

"I'd disappear. I've got much choice for a partner. I work at what I can get. For a partner there's usually hard and dirty work low pay."

"Yes, But I meant Eby. Do you intend to hurt him?"

He shook his head. "No. I got over that. I wanted to kill him for awhile, but it just doesn't seem important any more."

"I'm glad, Alex. We'll get us a small place. I'll work. That'll make it easier. I have a little money saved."

Alex did a quick mental double-take — the two of them both together? But what about Lois? Then it hit him — obviously, Lois thought that he, Alex, didn't know she had remarried.

He was watching her so silently as he dined. She was getting around to her real mission. A tiny frown was pinching her brows.

"Lois, what is it? I've noticed that look about you, the way you used to be when you had something on your mind."

She nodded. "You always see through me, don't you, darling?"



"Not much . . . what are you doing?"

Yes, I do have something on my mind — Eby. He's frightened, Alex. He's convinced that you intend to kill him. I was told that he was going to have you killed. He said, Alex—a frightened man is dangerous."

"To hell with Eby. Let him worry."

"Alex, please, we want to start fresh."

He kissed her. "All right, kitten, you always were the grand one for ideas, let's have it. So he thinks I intend to kill him."

"You could talk to him, Alex, please, for my sake — and yours."

"To hell with him. Why should it? I was the one who went to prison."

"A girl I know — she runs with a tough crowd, gangsters — found out I'd been married to you. She hinted someone had been contacted to kill you. I want you alive, Alex. I love you."

He studied her a moment, his face still. "You're really serious."

Her face glowed. "Oh, Alex, darling. Let me set up a meeting. You can say you're ready to forget, let it go, it would be hard, I know, Alex, real hard, just like for me. Our future. Please?"

"If it means that much, okay, but I'd rather throttle him."

"I'll call him now. Oh, darling, you won't be sorry. I'll make it up to you." She hurried out.

She went as fast as he. He thought, Why? Eby was the timid type, not the kind to hire a killer. He'd run to the police. Alex had threatened to kill Eby, that was true, and before a courtroom full of people, he had been temper and frustration because he believed Eby had embezzled from his own company, collected the insurance on the theft and framed him. So why had Alex had enough that motive — Eby was solvent. He had no reason to need that. Lois had a reason — the money first, ridding herself of a husband second and Eby had more money third. Now she was about to cash in again — and again, he separately was the party.

That gun! With Eby dead, Lois would own the entire business. Why the little trick? The murderer



"We started out reading poetry but somehow we got off on initiation."

ing little bitch! She was setting her up for a murder rap this time.

Alex leaped to his feet, rage making him sick at his stomach. Then he slowly sank back to the lumpy sofa. Eby was, he thought, no angel. He had removed the shells from the gun. If he could pull the pin out of her with a willow, even Eby... But he couldn't count on that. Eby was easily rattled.

Leia burst back into the room, her face aglow, eyes sparkling. "It's all right, Alex. Eby will see you. I brought him around. He was frightened at first, but I convinced him. I always could remember."

"I remember. All right, honey."

Jerome Eby lived in a new housing development, a prosperous area with spacious lawns and low ranch-type houses. Leia whipped her convertible into the drive with a familiar expertise.

She said, "He said for us to come right in, he'd be in the den."

Alex followed her through the door, across the living room into a short hallway, then to the den door. She opened it and went inside. He followed her, his gaze gripping with suspense.

Jerome Eby sat behind a large desk, a slight man with a nearly bald head. His mouth dropped open as he stared at them startled. His eyes popped. He jumped to his feet, a badly frightened man.

"What are you doing here? How dare you break into my house. I'll have you sent back to prison!" His voice squeaked.

"Leia called you, Eby," Alex said. "Stop the damn drama! She wanted me to tell you I didn't mean that threat I made. I just want to be let alone, and I'll let you alone. Okay?"

"Leia!" Eby squealed. "Where's the meaning of this? Did he force you to bring him here? Call the police!"

Alex looked at Leia. "You didn't call Eby at all, did you, Leia?"

She was drawing on a pair of gloves, her red lips smirking; her eyes were very blue and bright. "No. I didn't call him, Alex. He would have called like a rabbi." "Get out!" Eby shouted at Alex. "Get out! You steal my money—now you're making me to my wife, trying to steal her book. Get out!"

"Jerome and I are married, Alex," Leia said smiling.

"I know!" Alex said coldly. "Eby didn't take that money I want to poison her, Leia, you took it, didn't you? So you could divorce me and marry him."

"You and I still have it, Alex, darling, in a safety deposit box. Jerome has been quite generous with money. You see, Alex, you would never have amounted to a damn. You were destined to be merely the manager of Eby's store, making money for him, then coming home to make love. You, I set up this meeting. I'm about to become a very wealthy

widow. You did threaten, Eby, Alex, to kill him."

Eby's face was slack. "Woman! What widow?"

Leia suddenly had the automatic in her hand. "Your wedlock, Eby, dear. This is my gun." She pulled the trigger.

There was a click. She cocked and triggered the weapon again. Another click. Eby was frozen, gazing in paralyzed panic at the woman trying to murder him.

Alex said, "It's no use, Leia. I took the shells from the gun in my apartment. It's empty."

Her face was a grueling mask now. She buried the weapon at Alex. He dodged, caught it as it bounced from the paneled wall. Leia went around the desk like a jungle cat, struck Eby in the chest with her shoulder, hauled him over his chair into the corner. She snatched open a drawer, and came up with a snub-nosed revolver.

She threw a vicious glance at Eby who was trying to get to his feet, weakly shuffling, a dazed expression on his face from his brief head-bouncing off the wall.

"I'll just shoot you, darling, with Eby's gun, then I'll choke him to death and claim you did it! After he shot you!"

Alex's belly was hard as a board. This was the thing that had given him goose pimples, the unexpected. If he could just still her until Eby got his wife back.

"Why, Leia? Do you hate me that much?"

"No, I hate to lose you, you're great in bed. But a wealthy widow can find plenty of men." She shot a glance at Eby who was staring at her in horror. "Goodbye, darling."

Alex lunged aside as she fired. The slug hit his left arm, cutting him a little, and he kept running, and fending the heavy *Ad* with his



LUTHER

"I'd like to tell you where I've been all night but there's no point in getting you all upset."

added momentum, fell at her with all his strength. His head seemed to explode as she fired a second time.

The room was full of people when Alex regained consciousness. His arm had a temporary bandage on it, a doctor was trying to bind his head off with some kind of antiseptic. Eby was sunk limply on a studio couch, talking to a plainclothes man.

"Lieutenant, we'll need some stitches in this head. Can we take him now?"

The lieutenant left Eby, came over and stood looking down at Alex, eyes ventures up behind him. "Well, hello, Alex," the lieutenant said. "A pretty busy night for a paroled, don't you think? Haven't you any sense at all?"

"I'm not the criminal type, Lieutenant. If I'd have known better, I hope Eby liked your little park early with truth and light."

"It's the shot I gave him," the doctor explained.

"Maybe being in prison changed your luck, Clifford," the lieutenant said. "Mr. Eby gave us the story, and he also has a tape recorder installed in his desk. The minute you came in, he turned it on. Less

than a minute later he was gone."

Eby edged up. "Alex, I'm sorry. I never once dreamed she... that boy had."

"I know," Alex said. "Neither did I for a long time." "I'll have a lawyer get busy," Eby said. "Get you a full pardon. I—I wish you'd take over the ship, Alex. I'll pay your full salary on the time you were gone—gone."

Alex opened his mouth for a instant, then closed it again. Why was honest enough. He'd really thought Alex had taken that money. Hell, why should he complain about back pay and a good job?

"Okay, doc," the lieutenant said. "Take him away." To Alex, he said, "I'll get your statement later, Clifford. And if it's any comfort to you, you just about ruined Mr. Eby's life with that .45. She'll look like hell when she finds out I should shellt get much plastic surgery in prison."

"Sure, Lieutenant," Alex said "sure." Somehow he felt a little sorry for Lou. She'd had everything planned so beautifully. ■

DANGER IN PARADISE

(Continued from page 8)

He pointed in his front to watch the girls, but when he did, Lantin, the dancing, prided in show. He was shifting when Lantin turned to him.

"Kangyo," the old man said. It meant cat. Lantin knew that. "A pleasure, my friend." Lantin said in English with a slight nod. And he took up a rit of sucking pig and bit into it, the jaws running over his heavy lips, on to his chin and chest. He continued eating as he watched the dancing girls.

The dance began to beat faster and faster until it seemed impossible that the girls could move their bodies with such speed, but they did. The dance took on a frenzied quality now. Their young faces had wild looks about them and their bodies twisting in the straight were as beautifully synchronous as anything Lantin had ever seen in his life.

When it seemed that the dance could beat no faster, they came to a sudden halt, all of them ending on a single, miraculous beat. The girls then grabbed hold of Lantin's greasy hands, pulled his tremendous, stuffed body to his feet and led him past the fire and the other men and women who laughed and cheered him as he was led away.

They dragged his stumbling big body through not more than 100 yards of jungle, the girls laughing all the way, Lantin crying out for them to slow down, but laughing, breathing as if he were a locomotive.

When they reached the empty beach, the girls let go of Lantin, he still exhausted to the white sand. The girls fell to the ground all around him. Their tattooed bodies had a soft glow in the moonlight. Lantin could hear the gentle rush of waves upon the beach.

The girls lay or sat on the sand, making a circle around Lantin. Their eyes were all on him. Some of them chattered words he could not understand. "This is the sort of party that makes a man's life worthwhile," he said.

One of the girls moved in close to Lantin. She took one of his hands and placed it upon her body. He grinned. The girl said a single word he had never heard before. She said it softly as if it were a very special, perhaps even an obscene word. When she saw that Lantin did not understand her, she took his hand and placed it on the leg of another girl and then, on the arm of a third and finally upon the fat stomach of a fifth. With each girl, she said the word again and each girl nodded and smiled at Lantin in a way that could mean only one thing. What she was trying to tell him was simply that he had his choice of any of them—or, if he so wished—all of them.

And John Lantin spent the entire night upon those white sands, his huge body crushed in more than a dozen pairs of naked arms



"I never use a faster typist!"



"... saved?"

Life continued in this manner for Lantin for three more months. He ate more, drank more, loved more than he ever had before in twice that length of time. It seemed as if every young girl in the village had no other aim in life than to share his bed for a night or a week.

But then, Lizard, the lovely girl he had chosen as his favorite, to live in his hut with him, explained to him the real meaning of everything that was happening to him.

He understood the language now. As she told him the story, he was almost sorry he did understand.

The people of her tribe were feeding him this way because one day they would eat him. They had never seen such a huge man. They could hardly believe any man could have so much flesh on one body, she told him. Now they were forcing him to eat now, big, he would finally get. When they saw he was getting no fatter, they would kill him and eat him.

Lantin could hardly believe his ears. When Lizard saw his shock, she explained quickly that it was an honor to be sacrificed to the gods. He would be a sacrifice, didn't he understand that? And to be killed as a sacrifice means that the gods will be sure to love you.

John Lantin merely groaned and lost his appetite and started immediately to think of some way of escape.

While he was planning his es-

cape, however, he realized that he would have to continue gaining weight to stay alive. And so he began eating even more than usual—excessive, ridiculous amounts of food. A horse would not have been able to devour as much food as he did. He seemed to be eating constantly from early morning

until late at night. And every time Santa or any of the other men of the village looked at him, he would inhale, blow out his cheeks a bit and wonder just how much more flesh his bones would possibly be able to hold.

In time, of course, he realized that it was impossible to go on this way. He had gained at least 60 pounds. He could hardly move.

And so one night, when Lizard lay asleep on the seven mat beach bunks, Lantin rose quietly, slowly. He slipped out of the hut, carrying his shoes like a drunken lumberjack heading home from town. There was not a sign of life in the village. He could hear snoring as he passed one hut after the other, the hoarse giggles from one of the huts and he walked faster, circling a wider circle around that doorway.

He made his way through the jungle, branches and thorns scratching at him. He could hear birds crying out in the dark.

When he came to the bay, he saw the dugout lined up on the shore. It was a deep-cut dugout, more like a twisting herd than a bay, surrounded by mountains. Stars shined in the calm waters. There was a halting step through the leaves and a warm breeze, moved gently, like a whisper, through the dark.

Lantin selected what looked to be the largest of the dugouts. He pushed it gently down the sand, out into the shallow water and then pulled himself up into the boat with a great grinding effort. He sat back on the board that was placed across the gunwales. He took up one of the rough-hewn paddles, but he did not have the chance to use it, because just as he was about to dip the paddle into the still water, the percent started slowly to sink. Lantin rushed to the middle of the boat so as to balance it, but that did no good. Under his weight, the



"Do you spell" "with an 'E' or an 'A'?"

small boat slowly went under, the water running in over his feet until he was standing shoulder deep, the boat resting comfortably on the bottom under him.

With a sigh of despair, Lantin stepped out of the sunken bulk and waded back to shore. He sat down on the beach and there, for the first time in the tide, he gave up all hope. The island was much too small for him to hide anywhere for any length of time. There was no escape.

But when he returned to his hut and found Lloyd awake, waiting for him, he found out from the girl that there was a way out of it for him. It was a dangerous almost impossible way, she explained and that was why she had not said anything about it before.

There was a custom, she told Lantin, that anyone chosen as a sacrifice in the gods has a choice of either being killed quickly and then eaten, or to take the trial by combat. The trial by combat consists in fighting for an entire night with four men of the tribe. If by morning he can still continue to fight, then he will not die; he will be allowed to live as a member of the tribe. But if the four men subdue him before morning, then he will not die quickly; he will suffer a horrible

and — to be roasted slowly to death, an ordeal that takes many hours. And then, of course, he will be eaten by the tribe at a great feast.

In his present condition, John Lantin did not see how he could possibly fight four men for five minutes let alone an entire night. But if a man must die, it matters little how he dies, because at the end of it he is dead and that is all there is to it and Lantin was a man with too much living in him to accept any kind of death.

When he announced to Rina that he wished to take the trial by combat, the old man seemed a bit perplexed.

"No man has ever survived it," he told Lantin.

"No man has ever survived being killed either," Lantin pointed out.

"Forget it," Lantin said, "if I'm to be on the meat, I don't want to hear how the sauce is prepared."

"You will fight them?" the old man asked him.

Lantin nodded. "The as big as four men anyway," he said.

The chieftain shrugged. "As you wish," he said.

The night of the trial the entire village turned out as if for a carnival — which, indeed, the affair

was. The girls were hedged in colorful wreaths of plumerias and Tiaki's cap and pomelo, alamanda and at least a dozen other flowers. The men were all in ceremonial dress, wearing capes that had been woven out of palm leaves, decorated with flowers and shells and shark's teeth. There were packing pigs being turned over the great fire in the centre of the village. There were platters of breadfruit, plantains, small red bananas, taro leaves in pork fat, hamoa and arrowroot pudding and many other native delicacies.

As soon as the moon came up off to the eastern sky, showing its pale light through the dense jungle-dark, Rina rose slowly, raised his arms and immediately the drums and the dancing stopped. Every one became quiet. All eyes turned to Lantin.

The old man slapped his hands four times and four tall, powerful young men stepped forward. In the firelight, their sinewy bodies seemed to Lantin as if they had been carved out of stone.

"It is time," Rina said to Lantin.

Slowly, with a heavy sigh, he got to his feet. Each of the four men reached at him and then backed off a bit into a large clearing to one side of the fire.

Lantin removed his shirt, dropped to the ground at his feet.

"Well now . . ." he started. But he did not go on. He saw the four young men waiting for him. He walked slowly toward them, arms out to catch the first rush.

But when the first of them came at him, Lantin nimbly bypassed the youth off his huge stomach. The young man went flying on his back and this brought a great burst of laughter from the spectators. He enjoyed their laughter and he laughed himself, patting his stomach. "You see, it comes in handy too," he said.

He met the next five rushes in this same way, leaping over to one side, then charging in, stomach shoved out in front of him like a battering ram and each time he would knock one of the young men over.

Then he saw them begin to fan out around him and he knew the fun was over.

"We start now," he muttered.

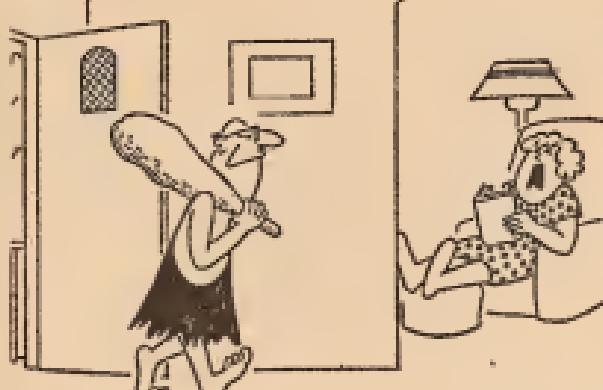
They rushed at him from four sides, grabbing his arms and legs. Lantin twisted his body about with surprising speed. He fought now like a great beast. He kicked two of them away. Another he lifted into the air and threw him at least 10 feet through the air.

But the young men kept coming back at him. The fight quickly descended to a savage grapple. Lantin swung his arms wildly to keep them off him. And they dove in to grab at his legs, to try and topple him over. But he stood upright and he fought them off, time and time again.

Little by little the fight dragged the slow way down towards the jungle. Caught in the thick brush, Lantin could not use his weight to complete advantage. He started



"Wait! My wife's still asleep."



"Well, speak up stupid, what did the marriage counselor say?"

going for one of them at a time now. He would grab one of them by the throat and gently choke the life out of him, but the other three would always be on top of him so he never had time to finish any one of them off.

"I have to tear you to pieces, ladies," Lardini said in a breathless voice, as they stood back to get their breath too. "You're good ladies, but a man's got to live, you see."

They came at him again. He could feel their fangs digging into his soft body. One of his eyes was almost completely closed. His breath came in painful gasps. He kept looking in the sky for some sign of light, but he knew it would take many hours for the dawn to come—if it ever did come.

The five men fought for a long time in the jungle brush. Birds kept screaming and crying up, startled out of bushes as the five of them went crashing through one thicket after another.

When they finally came out of the jungle onto the beach, Lardini thought he would surely fall now. He did not know what was keeping him on his feet, but he was sure that if they ever succeeded in knocking him over, he would never be able to get up again.

The pace of the battle had slowed down considerably. It all had the appearance of a slow-motion nightmare now. The men seemed almost to be fighting in their sleep; they moved that way.

And then he realized that he had one of them by the throat again. The young man was gasping, fighting with all his might to break Lardini's grip. The others fought furiously to make him let go of their companion. Lardini then threw the young body down upon the sand. In a blind, exhausted stupor, he stepped on the young man's chest and he heard the

bones cracking under his feet and a moment's horrible scream of pain.

When he stepped back, he could see by the moon's light that the young man was dead. His chest looked like a deflated balloon.

The others paused for a moment, looked at their fallen companion. And then they came at Lardini with a renewed vigor. This time, each of them came with two hands full of sand. They threw the sand in Lardini's face, at his eyes. He

closed his eyes tightly shut, pressing his eyes tightly shut to stop the sudden sand bathing. They were on top of him before he could face them again. He could hardly see now. Everything was part of one enormous blur in front of him as he stumbled on down the beach toward the water, carrying the three men on his back, feeling their bodies pressing his body, his head.

He waded out into the water until it came to his waist. The water would cut down their speed, he told himself. The weight would cost of more gas to him this way. And it was. The young men found themselves slowed down considerably, fighting in the surf this way.

The beach was crowded with men and women from the village. They had followed the battle through the jungle. They would watch it until there was an ending of one sort or another.

Lardini could not believe his eyes when he saw the first pale rays of light off in the eastern sky. He was only sure that it was the sun rising when he saw the three men step back in the water, all of them breathing heavily, exhausted, bleeding. Then he heard a loud cheer from the beach. He saw the three men start to walk slowly back toward the beach, and as if he were tied to them by the hand of fate of this combat, he followed after them, panting his body slowly through the mounting surf.

He stumbled up on the sand and there he fell into a sitting position. The three men he had been fighting came to where he was and each of them embraced his shoulders, nodding. "Av," was all Lardini could say to any of them.

It was well over a week before



"Now, this is the life!"

Lantin had the strength to move about again. But while he was still lying in his hut, with Lantin at his side, tending him every need, Busto and several other men of the village came to him and told him that now he was one of them. He was their brother.

"My people," Busto said to him, "they are proud to have you as their brother."

John Lantin, from that day on, had no further thoughts of ever leaving the island that was truly a paradise.

Two years after the day of Lantin's trial by combat, the old chief, Busto, died. But when he was on his deathbed, he called for Lantin to come to him. He was surrounded by the elders of the tribe.

"Now I am going," Busto said. "When I was a young man, I was very strong. A strong man must always care for my people. That is the law." He paused and one of the girls came to wipe the old man's perspiring face with a wet cloth. Then he looked up at Lantin again and continued: "You are a man of strength, my son," he said. "There is no man stronger than you who has such strength. And you . . . so you will be the one to take care of them now. You will be Busto now. Chief . . . you will be chief."

The old man died later that same day. And John Lantin was honored by the people of the island as their chief.



"Although I escaped, I certainly had to admire the bear's determination to track me down."

Some five years later, on April 6th, 1942, the American merchantman Davis dropped anchor in the bay of Lantin's island. The captain of the Davis and 10 men came ashore. Lantin and most of the people of the island gathered on the beach to greet the American sailors.

When the captain of the Davis, Harry Aberly, discovered that the chief of these islanders was an American, he could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Lantin was amazed by his surprise. Captain Aberly immediately offered to take Lantin back to America. But as they floated around the great fire in the center of the village, John Lantin told Aberly and his men the story of how he had come to the island, how he had fought for his life, how he had lived here as man were truly made to live.

When he had finished his story, he turned to one of the women and said something to her. The captain could not understand. Moments later, she returned with three other women and 10 children.

Lantin beamed proudly. "Here I am in paradise," he told Aberly, "and you kind gentlemen offer to take me back to hell!"

He turned to the women and children behind him. All the children were extremely fat. "You go, captain," John Lantin said. "I am busy here putting a little flesh back on the skinny bones of the human race."

And then he laughed again, reached up and took two of the children onto his enormous lap. He handed each of them a chunk of meat: "Eat!" he said to the captain. Then turning to his wife and his other children, he said, "Eat! Eat!" And the children gathered around him and all of them began eating with such fervent delight. Captain Aberly and his men could only watch in amazement as this mountain of a man kept passing lots of food around to one child, then the next, setting beneath all the while, laughing, chatting, letting them climb all over him, all of them caught up in the immensely joyous spirit of this land that seemed as if it would never end. *

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KILLERS ON HIS TRAIL

(Continued from page 18)

Jeanne Douchine, Nationality French citizen, Age: 21. Suspected of recruiting seamen in Star of Beirut Club, owned by George Sulek, Lebanese citizen, as smuggling couriers. No criminal record with Scotland Yard, French Surete or Interpol. Will investigate further. Caulfield.

"Right here at the end," Woodward commented, "seems to be the logical point for me to start. I take it that instead of using his own members as couriers the ring uses ordinary seamen. A different one each time would make spotting difficult. I'd like to contact your agent, Caulfield. He might prove helpful."

Merriman shook his head slowly. "About that last sentence in Caulfield's report. Will investigate further? Unfortunately it proved to be his epitaph."

From the time Woodward left Merriman's office until he boarded the ship at Liverpool, he was followed by one man. Woodward, however, was unaware of this. After the French League sailed, the men went directly to a public office and sent a message to a Lebanese named Alexander Kouri, who ran a ship chandlery in Freetown, Sierra Leone. It read:

Our new replacement shipped aboard Ocean Liner.

Jim Woodward had no idea that the ring was already being informed he was the "man" replacing the murdered Caulfield.

Eyeing the shot of drugged rye on the table before him, Woodward knew exactly what he was going to do. It was a trick he had learned from an OSS man years ago.

He pulled out his cigarette, put the pack down near the edge of the table and poked up his eye. Woodward tossed off the rye and put the glass down, holding the drugged liquor in his mouth. A curious movement of his arm sent the cigarette pack to the floor. Bending over to retrieve it, he quickly spat the rye under the table.

He sat up and lit a cigarette. The girl's oval face was without suspicion. Only the expectant look in her eyes hinted that she was waiting for the drug to act.

Abruptly he felt groggy. His eyes became heavy and difficult to focus. He was fighting off a wave of nausea which threatened to engulf him. Although he had swallowed only a few drops of honey the drug was exceedingly potent. I don't have to try to make this look good, he thought in acute disconcert.

Douchine and co-suspect were already passing. He felt a bit better although he was careful not to show it. "Please we go to your room, honey," he muttered thickly.

His head dropped comically. Slumping over the table, he found sleep. The girl nodded toward the bar and Sulek came to the table, trailed by the waiter. While they

hauled Woodward to his feet and started for the stairs, the girl got up and left.

No one paid much attention to a drunk in the Star of Beirut. They soon took up to Jeanne's room and dropped him into a rather armchair. The waiter left.

Woodward felt Sulek's hand gripping expertly through his pocket. A few minutes later he heard the distinctive click of spike heels on the bare polished floor.

"You found his identity card?" Jeanne asked.

"Right here," Sulek granted. "American seaman. His name is James W. Woodward."

"It checks," she said coolly. "He was telling me the truth."

She paused, then: "What's that in your hand?"

"The wallet," Sulek's voice was deliberate. "About twenty-five dollars, U.S."

"Well, Kouri would not be pleased to learn you still act the part-pocket. Take out only the price of the drinks."

Grumbling the Lebanese did as she ordered. Woodward felt the wallet being replaced in his pocket.

He listened to Sulek's heavy foot-steps retreating toward the door, and he wondered who Kouri was. His name had not appeared in any DPS reports.

The door closed and Woodward was alone with the girl. Her looks clicked toward the far side of the room and he warily opened his eyes a little. Under lowered lids he observed she had tucked off her pumps and was beginning to un-dress.

He watched the tantalizing procedure as she peeled the tights from her long, beautiful legs. With a glance in his direction she slipped off her clothes.

For a moment or two she was reticent, nude and magnificent. The movements of her supple body were as graceful as a tiger as she stretched her arms and yawned.

He closed his eyes when she approached and he knew she was surveying him to assure herself he was really out. He didn't open his eyes again until after she had switched off the light and he heard a creak from the direction of the bed.



"Mrs. Andley, this is Major-General Wolfe, retired."

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His thoughts lagged as he
swallowed on the return chair . . .
Sleep was a long time in coming . . .

He was jolted by a hand
shaking his shoulder. It was broad
daylight and his body felt cramped
and uncomfortable. Jeanne was a
seductive picture in black negligee
and makeup.

"You drink too much
last night, man and," she said
regarding him groggily. She passed
a cup of coffee and handed it to him.
Drinking some of the hot
liquid he stopped to collect his
senses. Abruptly he put down the
cup and dashed to the window.
"The Dunes! I said! She's naked!
I'm stranded!"

"You have money, man and?"
Not enough to get me out of
Freeport."

She called his face and he knew
he had passed right. She had
maneuvered this situation shrewdly,
as cleverly as she had destroyed
other stamp collectors into mailing
their ships and becoming exiles
for the ring.

"There is a man named Kouri,"
she said. "He might pay well to
have a package delivered quickly
to Dakar."

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"How much?" he asked quietly.
"Perhaps 50 pounds and your
steamer ticket. I can take you to
him, man and."

Late in the morning she took
him to a ramshackle, two-story
wooden building on the waterfront
near the north end of the harbor.
The name, in peeling gilt on the
long unwhitewashed windows, was
ALEXANDER KOURL SHIPS STORES.

The man nodding silently to
them from a battered roll-top desk
was a Lebanese, about 35. Surrounded
by a disorderly assembly of
ropes, tools, junk and dis-covered
ship equipment, he stared steadily
at Woodward through thick glasses.
He asked no questions.

"We will do," Kouri said, turning
to the girl. "The Cambia Prince
will be at Dakar at 2 pm tomorrow."
His voice was soft, with a slight
lisp.

Kouri opened a small drawer
and carefully counted out some
money. "You will go to the office
of the Sierra Leone and General
Steamship, Ltd and buy the ticket
to Dakar," he instructed.

Woodward nodded. "What about
my 50 pounds?"

"This evening the package will
be delivered to you at the Star of
Dakar. You will take it to a man
named John Haddad, 25 Rue des
Flours in Dakar. He will pay you.
One thing more, about the package
you will carry. It will be of con-
siderable value, more than 200,000
dollars worth of industrial
diamonds. But do not make any mistakes
or become greedy. I assure
you that you will be closely
watched all the way."

"I won't make any mistakes,"
Woodward said. "I can use the 50
pounds."

He walked out into the hot sun-
light with the girl and left her
after receiving directions to the
steaming office.

Behind them, in his shop, Kouri
stared at them through the dusty
window until they were out of
sight. He was joined by a second
Lebanese, a hawk-nosed man with
a knif scar on his right cheek,
who emerged quietly from behind
the partition in the rear of the
shop.

"You heard, Ridel?" Kouri said
softly. "This is what comes of your
bargaining. The American Agent
should never have lived to reach
the Star of Beirut last night. Once
he met the girl things took their
course." Kouri stared at Ridel sil-
lently his words to sink in.

"However," Kouri continued, "in
a way your bargaining was not with-
out results. Both Elfig and the
girl are strongly suspected by the
Diamond Protective Service. The
American's interest in them has
confirmed this. They have outlined
their machinations. You know what
to do."

Ridel nodded grumily. "Wood-
ward, too?"

Kouri snarled. "Why waste a
couple? I will inform Haddad to

take care of him in the usual way after the delivery has been completed."

Alexander Kouri, born in 1903 in Jutro, Lebanon, was a man of many names and of many criminal talents. To Lebanese authorities he was known under his own name as a suspected gun smuggler. To the Turkish police he was Alexander Koussi, an illicit dealer in narcotics who had in Italy, six years ahead of the law, to certain robed diamond buyers of the Eikmannsart gem district in Antwerp he was known as Alex Cogol, a master swindler who had taken them out of more than 100,000 dollars worth of valuable diamonds by deceptively substituting almost worthless glass "antiques." Kouri was also wanted in Morocco, Liberia, and in Kimberley, South Africa, under other names for crimes ranging from larceny and smuggling to murder.

Masked behind his thick glasses and soft, lisping voice was a daring, ruthless and imaginative international crook. Kouri never hesitated to eliminate anyone, including his own confidantes, who might jeopardize his own safety. He was essentially a long wolf who felt loyal to no one and his criminal record was one of sporadic activity on three continents.

Because of this it was understandable why Interpol did not have a helpful dossier on him when he came to Sierra Leone in 1933. The International Police, as a matter of fact, was under the impression that Kouri was several different men. Not until his various activities were carefully studied and integrated into one file did Interpol learn otherwise. This was equally true as far as the DPS was concerned.

Agent John Townsend, pushed into a rock crusher by a man named Uriel Dwyer, never did realize his killer was Kouri. This fact was later established by a Sierra Leone nurse employed in the dental clinic at Sefatia. Detectives of the Selection Trust discovered that native workers in the mines were stealing diamonds by concealing them in their mouths and then reporting to the dental clinic with toothaches. The nurse had been collecting the diamonds and passing them along to Kouri.

Agent Wingate, who was blown to pieces had the elusive Lebenean under observation for DPS, believing he was watching a man named John Blasen. Not until much later did a powder and explosive expert at the admiralty, that the description of the John Blasen, who had illegally purchased some perlignite from him, tallied with that of Alexander Kouri.

As for the equally unfortunate third agent, Caulfield, his throat had been slit before he had even heard Kouri's name mentioned by the girl at George Street.

Only Jim Woodward had succeeded in making any progress at all!

Woodward went directly to the office of Sierra Leone and Sonagli Steamship Ltd. after leaving the ship chandler. He purchased a ticket for Dakar.

Kouri had warned him he was to be closely watched. He had not the least doubt about it. He killed his way through much of the day, acting like a garran on the beach,

careful not to make any suspicious moves.

Inside he was taut and keyed up. He was guided by a sense of urgency. Over and over he nervously fanned a message he was anxious to send Morrison in London until the words kept flashing through his brain:

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"Just keep saying to yourself, 'Anything a chip can do, I can do better!'"

Huddled, 25 Rue des Fleurs, he kept thinking to himself.

He ate his evening meal in a small restaurant near the waterfront and at about 8.30 he entered the Bar of Beaujolais. It was between drinking hours and only a few patrons were in the place. Neither Jeanne nor Sibek was about.

Woodward approached the bar. The Sierra Leone waiter was behind it, polishing glasses. Recognizing Woodward, he nodded so word the stairs. "She's in her room."

He climbed the stairs and knocked at the door of her room. Jeanne opened the door and he saw she was wearing her black negligee and robe. Her dress, a low-cut green affair, was draped across the bed. Evidently she was about to dress.

She was not in any hurry, sitting on the edge of the bed and

crossing her beautiful legs, she色情地 revealed skin-white skin above perturbed nipples.

"Sibek is bringing the package," she informed him. "You are to wait here for him. Meanwhile pour a cognac, yes and. The bottle is on the table."

Woodward handled her the glass and poured one for himself. "I forgot to thank you this morning for putting me in touch with 30 pounds."

"Oh," she answered idly. "It was nothing."

She finished her drink and stood up, allowing the negligee to slip from her smooth shoulders. Woodward watched her admiringly as she dressed.

They had another drink together while waiting for Sibek and almost an hour went by. At length Woodward asked:

"It's a short distance to Rouff's

shop. Maybe he changed his mind?" "You find waiting with me tiresome, monsieur?" she asked at him quizzically. "Sibek does not bring the package from Rouff. He has had much farther to go."

The fragrance of her perfume was in his nostrils. Her carnal appearance of him suggested an intimacy which they had not shared. Damn, he thought and felt an odd pang of frustration.

There was a knock at the door. He heard a sigh that was both chagrin and relief when Sibek came into the room. At least he would now have something besides Jeanne's tantalizing proximity to think about.

"The courier from Saigon was late," Sibek complained to the girl. He unbuttoned his shirt, took off the wide cotton belt he wore around his body. Something like a money belt, it had small, bulging pockets.

Woodward put it on, carefully concealing his feeling of elation. Two-hundred thousand dollars worth of industrial diamonds, he thought triumphantly. What a haul of evidence.

"Rouff's coming here later," Sibek said to the girl. "He left word with the waiter. Orders are to put that one in a room for the night. Rida's to see him aboard the *Commodore Prince* in the morning." He turned to Woodward. "I'll show you to the room now."

It was a small room, boasting little more than a lumpy bed and a straight-backed chair. Woodward locked the door behind him and methodically emptied the contents of his pocket on the chair. He removed the belt from under his shirt and examined it closely. He could feel the diamonds, hundreds of tiny stones in the bulging little pouches. The pouch flaps were sewed down tightly. He was tempted to slit the pouches at one of the edges to inspect some of the stones but restrained the impulse. No matter how carefully he used a razor blade the belt would show signs of having been tampered with.

It can wait until Deller, he reflected. But it would have been easier if I could have alerted Marianne.

Abruptly another solution occurred to him. It was really quite simple. Despite the vigilance of his unknown guards, he would have an opportunity to contact the authorities through customs agents in Colmar.

I'll have 'em radio back to Freestown to round up Rouff and the others, he decided, then close in fast on Huddled with the French police.

Shortly before midnight Woodward fell asleep. But long than half an hour later he was wide awake and listening intently. He thought he had heard a shot.

The muffled crack of a gun reached his ears. This time there could be no doubt about it. Snatching up the cloth belt he dashed out into the hall in the direction of Jeanne's room. He slammed his shoulder against the locked door and stumbled into the room.

Feeling Lonely? Lacking Female Company?

The CONTINENTAL CONTACT MAGAZINE with extensions contains many photos and personals of Lovely European Girls who want to migrate, as well as Lovely Girls from Australia. For details send 10/- and 3d Stamp (New Zealand, 10/- Cash, Money Order or 11/- Cheque only) to INDEPENDENT PUBLICATIONS, Box 192, G.P.O., Adelaide, South Australia.

CHARTERED FOR DEATH

(Continued from page 23)

He warmed his way directly into the garage. It was several feet longer than the car and a work bench and workshop sink stretched the width of the rear wall. Donovan whistled under his breath. A girl, nude but for filmy panties and bra, was standing at the sink intent on some toilet preparation. He stared curiously for a moment and then it came to him. She was dying her hair, getting ready for a quick disappearance.

He gramed to himself. "My, my," he said softly. "I wonder if old Banks knew what his secretary had hidden under her blouse frock?"

The girl gave a muffled scream and jumped wildly. Her leap took her with her back to the bench and she stood staring unseeing at him, the back of one hand pressed to her mouth.

"Did I startle you?" Donovan asked innocently.

"You," the girl said hoarsely. "What are you doing here?"

"Asking questions," Donovan answered gently. "Questions like: why is this car an damned precious that you hired a man to have it all to yourself?"

"No," the girl said. "I didn't hire John."

"Yes you did," Donovan corrected. "He told you that Banks and he had brought me in. You were afraid that I might tell Banks about the lies with the lovely legs who carried me away from my plane long enough for someone, John of course, to switch another car for this one. You thought that Banks might start picking two and two together and come up with the

"That Dr. Appley certainly is a funny fellow . . . keeps us in suspense."

Sabat lay face down on the floor, the back of his head blown out. Jeanne crouched on the bed, mesmerized by a man whose back was turned to Woodward.

Kouri, he thought, and the name turned swiftly, a .32 gleaming in his hand. Not Kouri but the hawk-faced man with a scar on his cheek.

Woodward slashed out savagely with the heavy belt. It sailed around the man's neck and the buckle had snapped hard across his face. He got off one shot as he was thrown off balance, and the slug whined past Woodward's head, thudding into the wall behind.

Woodward grabbed the Lehenage by his gun wrist, snapping it sharply to the side. There was an other shot. A bullet drilled upward through the Lehenage's eye into his brain.

Woodward bent over the body. "I thought you were respecting Kouri," he said to the girl. "Who's that?"

"Gla, Rabel," she was trying to control her shaking voice. "Kouri sent him here to kill Rabel and me. Because of you."

He stared at her in genuine surprise.

"Kouri knew all along that you were working for the diamond-seizing police," she said. "He did Rabel's bidding and I wore the cross you jaded. Until Rabel told us tonight."

His eyes widened. He had almost played right into Kouri's hands. Where is Kouri now? In that mysterious store of his?

She shook her head. He had been up to Dakar on the evening plane. He would be waiting there, at the house on the Rue des Fleurs for Woodward to deliver the

stones. "Mr. Dakar," she added. "Alexander Kouri is known as John Hatched."

Shortly after 2am, Inspector Williams, police officer in charge of the night duty at headquarters, Firetown, was visited by an American woman named Ann Woodward and Jeanne Duuchane. Although Woodward's only credentials were his attorney's papers, the case book, which he placed on the inspector's desk, contained more than 200,000 dollars worth of industrial diamonds. This was sufficiently convincing to persuade the police to radio Spencer Merriman, assistant chief of the DPS organization in London.

Merriman answered immediately, requesting that James W. Woodward, special DPS agent, be given full operation. After this, events moved rapidly.

In Dakar, Senegal, on the following evening, Alexander Kouri, alias John Hatched, was finally wounded in a gun battle with the police while trying to escape from the house at 20 Rue des Fleurs.

On information supplied by Jeanne Duuchane, two days the mind boggars from Russia were seized, five collectors for Kouri's ring were arrested in the interior of Sierra Leone, and arrested on the French Guinea border beyond Sodalo, a 600,000 dollar cache of industrial diamonds was uncovered by DPS agents.

Because of her help in smashing the Kouri smuggling ring, Jeanne Duuchane was not brought to trial in Sierra Leone. Early in November she was quickly deported to Paris. Since he was returning to London, Woodward agreed to keep Jeanne in custody all the way. It turned out to be the best part of his assignment. ■

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idea that his secretary and his
chamberlains weren't as loyal as he
thought.

She gave in then. "All right I did
kill him. I did all the shooting and
planning—he really deserved the
cure. Why should I share with him?" She began to smile nervously.
"We did have fun that
night, didn't we?" She turned
slightly, showing Donovan the full, curves of her body. She
stroked over her shoulder at him.
"We could share . . ." she let her
voice trail away and then finished
softly, "a lot of things."

And then, with Donovan staring
widely at her, impaled almost by
need as well, she pulled the pistol.
He never knew where it came from,
but it must have been on
the beach under her hand. Just the
slightest flick and it was there and
she was shooting.

The first bullet whispered an
inch from his ear. The second went
through the space between his left
arm and his body. And then Donovan
put a slug a half inch under
the left cup of her bra. Her third
bullet smashed the 38 from his
hand in a whirling arc. He stood
staring at her. She was sagging
slowly down the front of the beach
but the gun in her hand was steady.
Her eyes glared at him
from a face twisted to a macabre
mask.

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"Doll," Donovan said earnestly,
"you've washed up. You've got 10
maybe 12 minutes. Let's call it quits."

Her lips twisted. "I planned and
schemed and murdered for that
car. If you think I'm going to hand
it over to a bum airline pilot you're
wrong, Buster," she said, and shot
him full in the body.

The shock threw Donovan up on
his toes and back against the wall,
and then his knees crumpled and
the oil-stained concrete floor came
up and crushed him in the face.

They were both on the floor. The
girl with her back to the hatch and
those stupendous legs stretched out
in front of her. Donovan face
downwards with his head almost
between her thighs, broken feet, his
head held and wet his dry
lips. "All right, Doll," he said in an
agonized whisper. "You've got
what you want. Finish it off. Don't let
me lie here in agony for days."

She tried to shake her head but
it was too much for her. "Die, Buster,
and let me go. Laugh," she said, and the smile an attempt
to laugh and choked on it. She
was about for a moment, breathing
heavily. When she spoke again her
voice was stronger. "Sorry for you,
Buster. I'll give you a laugh, too.
Think about you and me and old
Baritone and John, all dead, and
some day driving 40,000 pounds
worth of iron. Didn't know that, did
you, Buster? Old Baritone the gold
smuggler. Buying cars for his
friends overseas and replacing all
bodywork with gold sheets. Getting
twice the regular price for the
gold when they strip the cars in
the Orient. And now no-one will
ever know Gold car!" She began
to laugh a tearing, choking laugh
that ended in a gasp. The lovely
legs moved a little, as though she
was walking somewhere, and then
she was still.

"Hollywood lost a great star
when you became a pilot," Donovan
said softly, and climbed to his feet.
He reached into his coat
pocket and fished out the cross-cut
skin covered book he'd taken from
John. The girl's last bullet had
missed its dead centre and then,
deflected by its toughness, had
angled off to come out through the
curved back. A shallow, bleeding
groove along. Donovan's ribs
showed the path it had followed
from there.

Donovan walked over and looked
at the dashboard of the car. The
key was in the ignition. He got in,
settled himself, switched on the
ignition and pressed the starter.
The motor coughed once and then
was purr softly. Donovan grinned.
"Baby," he said aloud, "you ain't
no Cadillac, but you sure are a
car, girlie pilot!"

ADVICE ON MONEY MATTERS

Never ask for money spent.
Where the spender thinks it went.
Nobody was ever mean
To someone or herself.
What he did with every cent.

—ROBERT FROST



"Yes, darling; of course, you know I do, darling!"

THE DOZEN DIRTY TRICKS

(Continued from page 250)

Very big. Maybe the invasion. Watermark divisions in southern France were placed on the alert as both Hitler and Rommel wondered what Montgomery would do next.

At that moment, Field Marshal Montgomery was quite occupied with final preparations for the Normandy landings at Eisenhower's headquarters. He was in England, never having left for Gibraltar at all. The man bustling around at the Mediterranean "Rock" was Captain Mayrnick James of the Royal Army Pay Corps, a powerful junior officer who was to achieve post-war acclaim for his book titled "*I Was Monty's Double*".

He was just that — but the Nazis never guessed.

Seven fully equipped German divisions were waiting for him in southern France when the Allied invasion force started its way ashore in Normandy.

16) Since it was likely that some German agents or photo-reconnaissance planes would spot the

huge invasion force in England and would guess that the Channel shore of France was the target, it was extremely important to try to fool the Nazis as to which part of the French coast would be hit.

Therefore, the problem was how to tell Bamford, Blaize and Co the date when the attack would be on the Pas-de-Calais.

British agents began with "The map, sir" in Lausanne (Switzerland).

"Would you by any chance have a copy of Sheet 31 of the Michelin maps?" Miss Constance Bellon, a British Embassy secretary, asked a Swiss book merchant.

"I will see, Mademoiselle," the shop owner replied.

The slim Scotch girl showed no sign that (a) she knew that she was being called by a German agent, as were all employees of the British Embassy. (b) she was aware that the store-keeper was a paid Nazi operative. Sheet 31 was a detailed chart of the Pas-de-Calais area, and her purchase was swiftly reported to the International Espionage Section of Herr von Ribbentrop's Ministry for Foreign Affairs in Berlin.

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and landings expected on the Pas de Calais.

(13) Finally, the Allies opened their whole bag of electronic tricks for the crucial D-Day deception.

One section dropped "sand," thousands of pieces of aluminum foil that helped to confuse the enemy's radar.

Another group of planes carried a variety of radar jamming gear. They broadcast signals that blinded many of the Luftwaffe's detectors, another tactic that the Germans recognized as a traditional pre-assault manoeuvre. In addition the crews in these aircraft deliberately broke the normal priority restrictions that enjoined them to keep radio talk to a minimum. Those rules, designed to hamper enemy location stations and intelligence eavesdroppers, were splintered as the fliers exchanged a tremendous amount of chatter. These well-rehearsed conversations indicated that many, many wings of bombers, perhaps 2000 planes or more, were on their way to the Pas de Calais.

As a result, at least 170 Messerschmitts that could have done a lot of damage over Normandy, were sent up on futile wild goose chases some 200-300 miles away.

Military historians now concur that it was a full 11 days before the Normandy beachhead was solidly established, and top Allied generals admit that the entire expeditionary force might have been pulled back into the icy waters of the Channel at any time during that tense period. The outcome was in doubt again and again, and thousands of GI lives hung in the balance. These US, British and Canadian troops fought extremely bravely, and finally broke out to start the long, bloody drive to Berlin.

But they might never have made it without Operation Fortitude, it kept more than 300,000 crack Nazi troops busy elsewhere, waiting for from the real position until it was too late. No one denies that the Allied combat soldiers who blasted their way ashore and ripped open the Wehrmacht deserved medals and commendations that they received, but very few people realize that these courageous fighting men might never have lived to earn the honors if it had not been for the secret team of artful regots that pulled off the shrewd dozen deceptions of the 20th century.

A WATCH-DOG FOR VENUS

(Continued from page 40)

Quayne had been on boats in the war and he picked it up straight away. It was a Fairmile launch, one of the boats usually built from the British Admiralty had used for escorting coasted convoys and hunting submarines. The two 1200 horse-power Packard engines gave it a speed of 20-25 knots.

The Admiralty had sold these boats all over the world to private buyers after the war and many gals had picked up a lot of them as ideal for their shiny purposes. This one had had an extra deckhouse built to make it look like a pleasure cruiser. Rafe's mates were busily at work.

They came up into sight now, two of them with guns bulging from their belts, another one left at the wheel.

After they had pulled alongside Rafe gestured again with the Oregon for them to board the other vessel.

Quayne knew it had to be now. He had used the underwater gun a minute or two before and now he needed his play.

As he lunged himself sideways for it the Oregon barked non-stop and the bullet spattered the deck. But his hand was already closing around the butt of the Italian Verpedine, the venomous fish slayer.

Rafe fired again and once more his aim was bad. Sojourner ever on to his back, Quayne brought up the slender weapon and fired. The two telescope springs made of Swedish steel buried the harpoon with the force of a hurricane.

Rafe screamed as the twin steel harpoons tore through his chest.

He went down, dying. The Oregon dropping from his hand. The girl, seeing him go, snatched it up and carefully and deliberately shot down the squat boatman screaming toward her.

Quayne leaped from the other boat as the two men on deck fired hard and fast. Sliding like a snake across his own deck, Quayne groped for and pulled out of Rafe's pocket the Cold Special .38. It added the thirty boom to the cacophony of sound. One of the two marksmen crumpled over and lay there. The other dived for the deckhouse.

But Quayne was already coming on board, springing after the man, a scuttling anger inside him. The man, surprised sprawled, face on his hatchback deck, bringing the gun up. But Quayne snatched it out of his hand and beat at the other's head savagely until he collapsed.

Then he slithered toward the man in the other deckhouse. But the third man, a weak hunchback already thrown his gun down and was yelping for mercy in a tortured voice.

Quayne moved into the deckhouse, beat him from the face, and as he crawled away, ordered him with snarling gestures back to the wheel.

Quayne looked unbelievably at his watch. It had all taken a little over a minute.

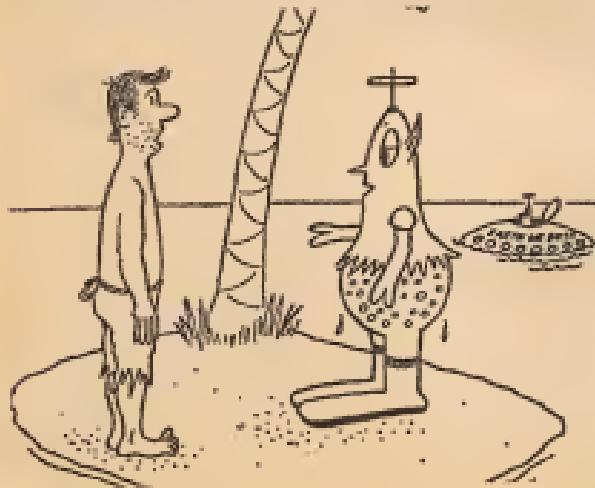
The girl was suddenly stuporous him, her near-naked body a thing of shadowy, heart-pounding desire in the darkness.

Quayne looked at her and let out a long, blinding breath. "If I'm going to have to keep on doing this all the time it would be much better if we were married. That way I could be really close to you all the time."

She looked back at him silently. She said suddenly. "I believe you're right. I think perhaps we could stand in that very soon."

Quayne thought, so there will be a wedding with hardened slappingisticistic 100% heat and lust, performing love dances, after all.

He slipped his arm around her neck shoulders and headed for the deckhouse, hoping Dom Castics would not hurry too much with that rescue party.



"Take me to your leader."





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